

CAVALCADE

MAY, 1955

1/6

**WHY MEN LOSE
VIRILITY**

—Page 74

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MAY, 1955 ★ Vol. 21, No. 6.

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Names in capitals and writings other than italics are fictitious.

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The lure of the

long-legged lovelies

From Flo Kingfield to understated Marjay Rooney, men have found a special appeal in long legs, though tall girls seem to think they are at a disadvantage.

PETER MORRISON

THE super long-legged has sometimes been that her height is against her. Sometimes her and friends express their sympathy in that her height is really an affliction—or maybe they have just noted with envy the number of male eyes that measure the length of the lucky tall girl's legs.

For, other vital attributes being equal, the long-legged lovely has it hard and shoulders above her girl-friends in performance as well as physical stature.

It's a little ironic that the shorter gals who are sorry for their taller sister, express their sympathy while they're wearing high-heeled shoes in odd inches to their own inadequate height.

Why? Because the tall girl with the good figure has extra allure. Long stems do no harm for a girl that even in bathing suits gains work to emphasize leg-length, either by wearing high-heeled shoes with the bathers or standing on tip-toes to be photographed, trying ardently to make their legs look longer than they are.

Times of Lily Rose's Long-legged beauty preps for their floor shoes



And as for the legend that men don't go for girls taller than themselves, look at the classic example of Mickey Rooney, who has been married to four girls all taller than himself. Of course, as Mickey is only 5ft 11 inches it might be said that he would find it difficult to marry a girl shorter than himself, but his succession of wives, Ava Gardner, Betty Jane Ross, Martha Victoria, and red-headed Elaine Victoria, have all been at least six inches taller than Mickey, and to offset the fact that they married him for the pleasure of his screen position, at least two of them have been as famous as Mickey himself, even without his backing as sponsor.

Even so, taller is such as Ava Gardner and Martha Victoria would find that they are too short to satisfy the craving demands of veterans, English-mourning showman Sam Goldwyn, who is a pretty successful fellow in show business, and who lays it down that five feet ten is her height is the minimum height for his girls.

But that is only a basic requirement. Sam takes them at five-ten, and builds them up with shoes that have platform soles and high heels, adding considerably to an already slight attitude.

Sam himself is shorter than the showgirls he has made famous; and he is not over-awed by their cleavage exposure. He's been photographed with hundreds of them, and he knows very well that every new proof of their leg length is added incentive to the customers to take an interest.

Sam firmly believes this show business adage, but he probably was not the originator of it. Flo Sagfield operated on the same principle with his famous Sagfield Palace dancers, and he put it down in words of

one syllable. "The longer their legs the better the public likes them," he said.

Flo never forgot that he was a member of the public in this respect, not even when he married for twice he married the long-legged beauties of his own show line. One of them was Anne Held and the other Billie Bourke, both regarded as reigning beauties in their day. Both of the beauties could, literally, look down on their husband. Doctors of the long-legged clinic Sagfield popularized used their lengthy limbs well in climbing the ladder of success, and all appeared to have found the going easier than their shorter-limbed competitors.

Hardly a week goes by without a beauty contest in some part of the world and it is always the girl with the long legs who wins. Soldiers don't shoot the short girl either, as she knows that, no matter how beautiful her face and figure, no matter how charming or intelligent she may be, she cannot cope with her tall rivals in the eyes of the judges.

Winners of such contests are from five feet, seven inches to five feet, ten. Sometimes the girls over six feet win.

There are short girls who do photographic work, but, except for occasional shots specifically calling for the short girl to model wearing apparel, the camera is always angled to make the girl appear taller, particularly making the legs seem long.

Gypsy Rose Lee, Sally Rand and other strip-teasers, film-dancers and their kind, are all tall girls. Maybe it is because the men like to see a lot of girl, they prefer to see a lot less than a short one.

There are short film actresses, but they do not play roles of dance-

ing ladies, nor do you see shots of them in swimming suits, unless the camera is at a distance. The camera can take the rest of the subject, but where a leading lady is called to play a scene in a swimming suit, unless she is tall and lanky, that shot is a long-range one, or she is on her own, whereby the camera angle can elongate her figure.

Naturally, the call for long-legged ladies on the screen, rates out the short men for leading romantic roles. That we see men of six feet, three and taller playing leads in romantic films. There are short men in Hollywood, but when cast against tall girls they wear platform soles in close-ups and the camera is angled for long shots, so that the male lead does not appear

shorter than his leading lady. Hollywood requires that the female star be able to lean her head on the manly chest of her co-star, without bending her knees.

Billy Rose is five-foot-three in his elevator shoes, a little guy. But he demonstrated through his lead business life that long-limbed lovers are ideal for everything from business through to marriage.

Billy Rose is twice married and several times a widower. He was a product of the faded New York slums who climbed to fortune by making an art charm and appeal of tall girls. He seemed to be just pointing toward the entertainment business that he hit on. BILLY ROSE'S LONG-STEMMED BEAUTIES—tall long-stemmed they were, and the customers were out

Peggy Phillips, of Poles Bergers, relaxes in her dressing room.



the bell on the crash-register to get near the larger stars.

The tall polka-dottedness peepers who was one-time American champion swimmer and whom Billy married in 1932, Eleanor Holm, was happy with her snow-off husband for twelve long years. But in the long run she laughed off what became known as the Second Battle of the Buns when in 1934 she brought a series of charges against him.

After weeks of voluminous argument, all of which was lawfully printed in the world's press, Eleanor won a divorce and a more than handsome settlement from Billy.

Billy, since, has kept out of the public eye, but his lush nightclubs, The Diamond Horseshoe, still function, the major stock in trade being showgirls who are six feet tall and who wear nothing but a tastefully draped feather.

Billy and Mackay Sennay share the distinction that tall girls cost them a lot of money (Billy handed over 100,000 dollars worth of suits to six-foot-one-and-a-half inch Betty Jones) but on the other hand, as far as Billy is concerned, at any rate, he has made more money out of the big girls than they'll ever make out of him. Recently, following the Goldwyn and Rialto tradition, he has found that big girls are a never-failing draw-card.

The fashion artists have realized at for a long time, so have the Vendors of this world—they have steadily drawn girls whose legs are long out of proportion with real life—and their girls have become a standard ideal of beauty.

But let us not run away with the idea that long-legged beauties have only been appreciated at late Cleopatra, legged elegance was the proud possession of beauty and massive legs. But both Mark Antony and

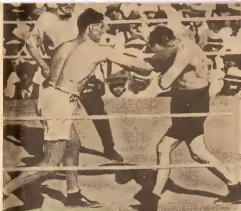
Julius Caesar, both of whom met with considerable success so far as Cleopatra were concerned, were inclined to be stubby.

Coming closer to modern times have a look at Ernest Hamilton, a famous star of history. She was, indeed, she married Hamilton, an artist's model—and she was a notable beauty, partly because she had the necessary length of leg to top off her other charms. It is legendary that she held the famous Nelson under her spell—but legend sometimes fails to record that she leered above him. It didn't worry Hamilton, and it didn't worry her, but you could legitimately check it up as another victory for the long-legged girl.

Napoleon had, physically, to look up to his Josephine, who again was one of the long-thighed beauties of her day, and there is no shortage of top-line ladies who owe their spectacular success to the length of their legs.

Why? Nobody has answered that. But the facts deal a death blow to certain popular delusions. One of them is that a man likes a woman shorter than himself, another is that a woman likes a man taller than herself, and still another is that the long-legged girl, towering over her dilly cohorts in at a disadvantage.

Long-legged girls—fashion, tries to make you more so. And fashion could tell you that your disadvantages was shared by Cleopatra and Josephine, by the wives of millionaires and the beauties that have been the toast of nations. If you long legs aren't taking you far it isn't because of the legs—you are being held back by something altogether different. And that is your problem. Your legs certainly are not.



The fight that broke the banks

RAY MITCHELL

When Jack Dempsey defended his world title against Tommy Gribbs at Shelby, Montana, the fight broke the banks and raised the town.

FEW people remember Sam Sempson these days, but Sam had his hour of glory back in 1903—his hour of glory, and a lifetime of regret.

Although few people remember Sam, any fight fan can tell you about a western back town named Shelby, in Montana. For it was in Shelby that Sam Sempson had a breakthrough to put his town on the map.

It was the businessmen that turned into a tidal wave of despair, and the town broke, and almost wiped Shelby off the map.

Sam was a storekeeper. He had money enough to live comfortably in Shelby, a town of 300 inhabitants. Sam had made good too, he thought. Shelby was a town of the future. It was just a speck of which nobody had heard, it had to be put on the map properly.

What was the quickest way to do that? A fight for the world heavyweight championship. If Jack Dempsey would fight there, visitors would come from afar. Shelby would be famous.

Sam contacted Mike Collins, a Milwaukee newspaperman and boxing promoter, and asked for Dempsey to fight in Shelby against Tommy Gibbons, a leading contender. Collins told him he had no chance unless he could produce \$50,000.

Samson talked it over with Collins and the Mayor of Shelby. They approached a man named Zimmerman, a big landowner, to put up the money. Zimmerman laughed. They called a civic meeting of the town. Collins told the people what money was needed for the venture. \$50,000 was raised in a few minutes.

In eight days, \$50,000 had been raised and placed in a bank. Dempsey's manager, Jack Kearns, was asked his terms. Kearns wanted \$50,000. Eddie Kane, manager of Gibbons was asked what he wanted—\$10,000 or 50 per cent of the gate after Dempsey got his \$50,000. Kane took a gamble and accepted the percentage.

In three weeks an arena was built to hold 50,000 spectators. It was not paid for, so the final money was exclusively set aside for Dempsey. Shelby people worked hard and

contributed every penny they could spare to get the fight for Independence Day.

Jack Kearns slowly guessed that the money would be difficult to get, and demanded the \$50,000 in advance.

Money refused in Shelby. Frank Walker, head of a copper mining company (later U.S. Postmaster-General) was sent to talk with Kearns. He told Kearns and Don McKittrick, who had lined himself alongside Kearns, that it was impossible for Shelby citizens to raise \$50,000 by July 4. He offered payment on the spot and the rest to be paid after the fight. He pointed out that so many people would attend that they must make a profit.

Kearns and McKittrick proposed that the whole promotion be turned over to them, plus all the money which so far had been collected. Walker had no alternative but to accept.

The night of the fight saw a good crowd. But there were less fans there than Shelby had anticipated. The box-office held about \$15,000. This was, plus the amount given to Kearns before the fight, amounted to just \$60,000—Dempsey's guarantee.

It was not a great fight. As a spectacle, it was just fair. Dempsey won it on points. Gibbons got exactly nothing but broken for his effort.

The citizens of Shelby were more than indignant, they felt they had been gulped. Kearns, Dempsey and McKittrick could not book in at a hotel, they slept in a basement beneath a shop, and an armed guard stood outside while they slept—at they did sleep.

At dawn and morning the trio, accompanied by the sheriff and his deputies, made their way to the

railway where they paid about \$100 for a special one-car train to transport them to Salt Lake City.

Dempsey did well. He got \$50,000 and another was to his record. Kearns did well on his percentage of Dempsey's earnings.

Gibbons gained useful experience. But Shelby? Three banks failed; the citizens went broke, the town never regained its small prosperity.

The reported loss which was to put Shelby on the map exploded the town almost out of existence.



"Oh boy! Now we can play spin the bottle!"



WHERE WOMEN are getting WORSE

It has been a saying that the female of the species is worse than the male. Today this is being taken out

PROBABLY the most urgent social problem in the United States is the startling increase of crimes committed by women.

In at least a dozen states new women's jails are being constructed because the old ones are bursting their seams as criminal convicts of women swell.

The U.S. Department of Justice says about eight out of every 100 arrests of men are for murder or assault. Out of every 100 women arrested, five are charged with murder or assault.

Over the last few years, all crimes of violence committed by females have increased by from seven to ten per cent each year. There have been more murders committed by women in the United States in the last few years than by men.

Women everywhere commit crimes, but of more gentle variety—shoplifting, wallet lifting, swindling, blackmailing and the various rackets. In the United States females become bank rob-

Millions were horrified in the last some female fire-eaters, but they were isolated cases, so unusual that they shocked.

Before World War II America 1930's by the exploits of the infamous "Ma" Barker, and tough, cigar-smoking Bonnie Parker. Both women "got there" from the jaws of the law.

They were exceptions then. The original "gun molls" often carried guns and consorted with criminals. But they didn't kill. What they did they did for men—sons, brothers, husbands, lovers. Some of the present crop of Yank hellcats commit a larger proportion of violent crimes than men. And not for their men, but on their own initiative.

The situation is one big headache, kidnaps, hijackers and hold-

ups. One day, she shot a man in cold blood after she had stolen even the clothes in which he stood. She is on her way to the electric chair.

JAMES HOLLIDGE



sake for the nation's law enforcement officers. They say the women they hunt are more dangerous enemies of society than men.

J. Edgar Hoover, the Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, says: "Many of today's women criminals are desperate, possessing no feelings of mercy, justice and respect and motivated by sheer greed, cruxy and selfishness."

Nothing can deter these women from crime. They simply cherish an accomplice.

A woman—tall and comely in spite of slightly graying hair—pulled up her suitcase car outside a bank in a small Connecticut town.

With her in the car were her 14-year-old son, her 14-year-old daughter and a youthful friend of the son.

At about two o'clock, the car stopped, and the mother stayed in it while the three youngsters entered the bank. The girl was the

leader. She went to a counter, took a deposit slip and wrote on it. She went to the teller. Her brother and his friend flanked her on either side, a pair of two behind.

The teller read the slip—"Give me everything in the cage. This is a stick-up and two men have you covered."

The teller was taking no chances. He thrust bundles of notes at the girl. She put them in her handbag, thanked him, and marched towards the door.

The teller's foot stamped on an alarm bell. The youthful robbers ran. The two boys, gone in head now, sprayed the office with bullets.

They wounded a bank guard in the throat and a bystander in the shoulder. Both recovered, and the robbers when caught, escaped a murder charge. Mother was the mastermind of a gang made up of her own children.



"There you are clean. Now stop coming over every ten minutes and asking the time."

For her venture into violence that woman went to prison for 15 years. The children were freed on probation.

A mother of six in New York State led her husband and two of her sons in hold-ups and robberies. There ran came to an end at a youth town, when a shopkeeper, who was out the back, heard his cash register tinkle, and came into the shop to find four robbers at work. They fled with the contents of the hotel cash register. The shopkeeper grabbed his gun, took careful aim, and one of the robbers fell with a bullet in the back. It was the mother, disguised as a man. She died on the way to hospital.

A prospective 34-year-old bank robber in New York not long ago tried to shelter behind her 14-year-old daughter. One afternoon she walked into a suburban bank, kept a half-concealed 38 pointed squarely at the teller's middle. The note demanded 400 dollars or else.

She got the money but was followed to the street by the manager when she walked sedately out. He dashed her with a shot from his own 32. Police poured on her.

The woman recovered and it was found that her "hold-up" weapon had been a toy. She excited sympathy by tearful explanations that she did it for her baby daughter, who needed an urgent operation. In court she admitted that her daughter was in good health and cured by her husband, whom she had deserted. Actually she wanted the 400 dollars as down payment on a car for a 20-year-old Lutheran with whom she was intimate.

For unadulterated womanhood there have been few to match the attractive, thirtyish woman who last year was caught in a robbery of the old ladies' name. The method

was to enter a bar, engage a lonely male in conversation and "bar" him into taking her for a ride in his car. Her male accomplice, quietly followed the couple.

While "parked" her hoodlump partner would interrupt. They made a workmanlike job of robbing the victim. The climax came one evening when her victim would not stop at the rendezvous she chose.

In a panic the woman produced a .32 revolver and put a bullet through the man's head.

Out of control, the car screeched down an embankment and into a tree. Later a police patrol car arrived. The woman, put still in hand, was lifting the pockets of the man she had killed.

At her trial for murder (for which she was convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment) the jury was told that she had deserted her four children, all under ten.

She admitted that her motive for the robbery and violence was not the money. "We did it for thrills," she said.

Psychologists and psychiatrists all over the United States are still trying to figure out the cause of the general increase in female crime.

The increase in the proportion of women in the United States population in recent years, and the fact that there are not enough men to go round, has been blamed.

One psychiatrist, after studying the case histories of 4000 women criminals for the U.S. Department of Justice, reported: "Normal sex outlets being denied to so large and increasing a number of women undoubtedly contributes toward the problem of crime among females."

He added that it was "most disconcerting" to find so many women crooks. "Which gets our vote as the underestimation of the year."

There are blood in the arteries, but it is
also a unique and continuous—what is it
or the five lines, the Marie Antoinette,
beautiful French actress who lives in Parisian life
"Secret of the Face" and the art of
of these most stockings is simple and



Black Mesh Stockings

don't have
and for stockings
with stockings
and stockings on attractive bodies



Slend is not only for decoration purposes on such showings, he shapes the big Movie Flashes, dancing and dramatic scenes. Also the costume for "Ladies' Congress" which has been featured in "Hollywood" in "D.O.A." "God Is in the Moon" and "Champion of the Coast".



and if you want "Fashion Show" then there is "The Fashion Show" in which Suzanne Jones appears, in the scene a model. And, and we have a lovely model—a lovely French girl.

Crime Capsules

14

TIME PAYMENT

After being robbed of \$30,000 from Mrs. Gasparo Ceruso, of Carmignano, Italy, received a letter and \$300 from the thief. The letter, unsigned, read: "I am I who stole your purse. Be assured you will get your money back. I will send you \$300 five months."

DRUNK ON DUTY

Deputy Sheriff Volney Rubin Horton, of Fort Worth, Texas, was assigned to take a prisoner from Arizona. When he did not arrive on schedule, a search was made. Deputy sheriff and prisoner were found, handcuffed together. The prisoner was dead drunk, slumped over a bench counter, the prisoner was sober and sitting patiently waiting for the deputy sheriff to recover.

BY JEEVES!

Robert Graham, of Hasledon, Lancashire, England, had a bright way of stealing luggage. He would buy a platform ticket and walk around the platform, looking at the luggage. He would note the name and address on expensive-looking luggage, and its destination. Then he would travel on the same

train and to the same destination. Arriving there, he would look into a good hotel. Next day he would dress like a valet, call at the station with a note written on the hotel paper: "Please hand my luggage to my valet," signed with a forgery of the owner's name. He got away with it for a long time, collecting \$2 suitcases in six months, but he was caught. At the moment he is serving six months in jail.

UNLUCKY

Burglar Robert John broke into an office in Milwaukee, U.S.A., but he met with bad luck. He opened his ankle breaking in, then cut his wrist breaking a glass door. Coming to the conclusion it was not his lucky night, John had to telephone for help. Who did he phone? The police.

GRAVE CHARGE

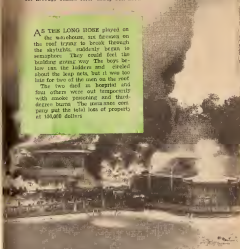
Edward Burns of New York, was held before court on a grave charge. It appears that he stole a 100 pound bombstone from a cemetery near Binghamton, New York, and placed it on the grave of his step-grandmother in Newark, New Jersey. Burns was fined \$50 dollars.

A match for firebugs

Firebugs would throng these days because of a detective agent who has put 100 firebugs behind bars. Gladly and Brown have wrecked the Alcan. \$500.

AS THE LONG ROSE played on the watchman, an Alcan on the roof began to break through the skylight, suddenly began to erupt. They could feel the building giving way. The boys below ran the ladders and climbed about the loop nets, but it was too late for two of the men on the roof.

The two died in hospital and four others were out temporarily with smoke poisoning and third-degree burns. The insurance company put the total loss of property at \$100,000 dollars.



A firebug made this sabotage attempt on a raging Alcan.

Less than a week later a big printing plant a block away went up in flames. Three days later a toy sewing company nearby suffered \$4,000 dollars damage. The man responsible was a firebug—a pyromaniac—one of the kind who has taken a toll of millions of lives and billions of pounds in property.

This character was a man who had been failing in his examinations to become a fireman. His theory was that if he could start enough fires and show how brave he was helping the fire department, someone would appoint him a member. Detectives Frank Grady and Drew Brown caught him. They nabbed him by psychology and hard work, which for 13 years has made them a famous team of the Chicago Police Department.

In the case above, the detectives mingled with the crowd at the fires, studying the faces. They watched for expressions of joy. They spotted their man at the second fire, but they had to be sure. At this fire the man broke through the police lines and tried to give advice to the fire chief. To test the man, Grady and Brown praised his efforts and listened to him talk.

Grady, concerning the ramp the next day, thought he could smell fireworks. At the next fire he snuffed fireworks on the bar of the market. They took him away. He confessed and is now serving ten years in jail.

The Grady-Brown team has snuffed pyromaniacs to about two per cent of what it was 20 years ago. They are credited with putting over 200 firebugs behind bars or in insane asylums.

One day Grady arrived in a hallway where a prism lighting was about to set a fire. There had been a series of basement fires in the same district, all set under-

neath the staircases. In each case a prism had been stolen, filled with combustible and lit. Grady saw the man wheeling a prism without a baby in it. He followed him. The man noticed him and waited in the darkened hallway.

As Grady walked in, the man swung a hammer. Grady fell. Brown, afraid that Grady might run into danger, had traded his partner for two days. He arrived on the spot as the hammer was about to fall for the third time.

"Drew knocked him out," Grady says. "Both the man and I were taken to hospital."

One time Grady followed a divorced man. "There had been a series of fires in one house. We couldn't figure it out. The people had little insurance on the house. We found that the divorced husband had blamed the parents for his marital break-up. He said that anyone who breaks up a marriage should burn in hell."

"Frank and I tailed the guy. He crept into a backyard, crawled under a porch and went to work. I crawled in after him. The nut jacked a piece of sandboard soaked in oil into my face. Frank came running and grabbed the guy."

One case concerned a lady who supplied the oxygen to the flames. We'll call her Rose Brown. Rose was 40 and 24. She lived in a expensive bungalow. She had many sisters, ranging from a small-town banker to a married engineer. To each Rose planned poverty and distress, spoke about her ill mother and kept promising. They showered her with clothes, money, two conversions and rhythmic dances. Rose accepted them all and lived dangerously by putting oil on to make room for another.

One night Rose came home with a boy friend, peeked him on the

street and was about to go inside when she noticed a fat, fat figure in the bushes. She ran to her room. It was one o'clock in the morning.

She took a bottle of kerosene home through her window on the second floor. Seven people were shaken by smoke at otherwise dead by leaping onto the pavement.

Brown asked Rose, "Why should anyone throw a bottle of fire through your window?"

Rose and all her boy friends were jealous of each other. The detectives examined her address book and copied down 70 names. For three weeks they checked the list. Grady came up with a Tom. E. Tom was a dockhand and there was a barrel of kerosene in the office. Grady also discovered that Tom had been dumped by Rose.

Tom confessed and did two years.

During a period of nine months there were eleven fires at Dearborn Hotel in Chicago. Grady and Brown were assigned to the case after the third blaze.

They took up residence in the hotel, occupying separate spaces. They got to know all the employees. The detectives became suspicious of a girl lift driver, when, at the eighth fire, she asked constantly, "Where's that big, beautiful, out-of-control truck team?" At the first fire, which started accidentally, the husband had attracted her attention. To get him to return, she had started the other fires. She received a year in jail, with psychiatric treatment.

There was another case where within two weeks six fires were set in one area. All business buildings. There was nothing suspicious. The fires had done little damage.

Grady and Brown discovered that a private detective was working too. 17 fires in the area, starting 10 dol-

SOME SENSE THERE

They were two cats discussing a friend.

They did not pull their punches.

Pulling her coat was the trend—

Graciously come in bunches
"I would not say that she is dense.

Or more dead than alive,
But she must have a sixth sense—

There's no sign of the other five!"

—AN-EN.

less from each. After questioning the private eye broke down, confessed that he was afraid of losing his clients while they were given something to be afraid of. He was given two years.

On the north side of Chicago a firebug was at large in the tenements. Within three weeks, in an area of seven blocks, 16 persons had perished. Grady found that the only place open late at night was a corner bar. Whenever there was a fire, the bar was crowded, as neighbors gathered to discuss it. At other times, the bar was practically empty. Grady also noticed that the fires always started at 11 p.m., just when trade ordinarily began to slacken.

One night at 11, Brown noticed that an old man entered the bar, picked up a broom and began to sweep. "That's my partner," the owner said. Soon the bar began to fill with people.

The detectives talked with the old man. He responded. He said he was worried about his job. He had noticed after the first fire, which

he did not start, that the bar filled with customers. So he began to act dumb "to get people out and drinking." He was overruled to an immense system.

The most destructive case the two detectives worked on involved an assassin who set 12 fires, resulting in a loss of 45 lives and \$900 injured. After weeks of investigation, the detectives decided the motive was revenge.

The culprit was a 12-year-old boy who had been accused of stealing a bottle of milk. The accusation he accused him that he resolved to "get even" by setting fires.

At all times the job of Grady and Brown holds an element of risk to the detectives. Sometimes the danger is real and each has had his life saved by the other.

It is when the pyromaniac is cornered in the act of setting fire to a building that the danger element to the detectives is fully exposed. The firebug has worked himself up to the point where he must succeed and nothing will stop him from lighting the fire.

Grady and Brown say that age, or rather, lack of it is the greatest cause of pyromania. "People who feel little inside, or have been made to feel little, plan big revenge. Pyromania is the only cheap, reasonable crime against which there is little defense. It can be done craftily and quickly. It can do more damage than an army."

Brown and Grady are being modest. Firebugs are learning to stay away from Chicago. For these they have lost their match.



"You can come and now, dear. It was only the cat."

Guilty—of defending his Wife!



PETER HARGRAVES

It was almost the perfect crime, but one mistake brought the criminal to justice—in defending his wife, he did not kill the gunman.

HAPPY Ethel Whittaker and her husband in Los Angeles' famed Cocoanut Grove, among the great and the rich of Hollywood. She had to bear the expense from her own small earnings but Ethel Whittaker did not mind that.

She was proud of her distinguished-looking husband Sam Whittaker was a fine figure of a man in her eyes. After 15 years of married life with him the difference in their ages was becoming more apparent, but she still loved him.

She was 24 when she married

him, and he was 48. He carried a good salary as a theatre organist in these days.

But Sam at 69 had not worked for five years. A paralytic stroke had left him limping and walking with a stick. Ethel's income as a dressmaker now kept them.

The Whitakers left the Chestnut Grove at 1230. Ethel had to get up in the morning for work. At one a.m., on Tuesday, March 17, 1936, they entered their apartment in the Palma Hotel.

Ethel Whitaker switched on the light. The door of a clothes closet swung open. A man stepped out, his face masked. A gun in his hand pointed at the couple. He demanded to know how much money they had. Sam Whitaker trembled, his hands fluttered, then his wife. His hands were raised. "We'll give you everything we have, but for God's sake don't shoot," he said.

His wife produced some notes from her purse. The gunman made no move to take it. He seemed thundered, too. "How much money have you got?" His voice was beginning to tremble.

"We'll give you all we've got," said Whitaker again. "Here!" His hand reached into his pocket as if for his wallet. Instead it came out with a .38. He and the hold-up man faced together.

The intruder's shot hit Mrs. Whitaker in the chest. She screamed. Her husband and the robber faced at each other.

The intruder leaped for the door. Whitaker sending lead after him. He sprang down the corridor. Someone was standing at the lift. "Get out of my way," snarled the bandit. He darted for a staircase leading to the roof.

Guests ran to the Whitaker apartment. Police came. Sam seemed dazed and still held the new

empty gun. He knelt by the body of his wife, sobbing when, in a few moments, she died.

Sam Whitaker described the robber-killer as a Mexican or Filipino wearing a dark suit, white cap, red bandana, mask, and gloves. The guest at the lift gave a different description. The man wore no mask. "He's a young American," the man declared, "rather tall and thin."

Police threw a cordon round the block. A detailed search of the hotel was made. The fugitive could have jumped from the hotel roof to the roof of the next building, the Park Vista Hotel.

The booking clerk at the Park Vista had seen nobody of the bandit's description come through the lobby.

Every room was searched. In one a young man—tall, white-faced, nervous—was verified as a guest registered under the name of Jack Lane.

Police "frisked" Lane but he was unarmed. His hands, however, were sticky with blood, and had been wounded.

"I was up on the roof having a drink when some guy ran past and shot me," he explained. "I was just going out to find a doctor."

Three bullets were removed from Jack Lane's shoulder, chest and right arm. The wounds were superficial and he left the hospital with the police.

They were convinced he was the wanted bandit although there was no gun in his room.

As soon as he saw Lane, the Palma Hotel guest who had been at the lift identified him. Sam Whitaker was sure he was not the man. Lieutenants Fred Brown and Ray Giam, in control of the case, took all the parties to police headquarters. A homicide chief was put



"Call me up again some . . . say old guy day."

over Lane's face and Whitaker still insisted he had never seen him before.

The police did not believe Lane's story that he had been shot as he described. They held him in the hope that he would break under further questioning and that Whitaker, who was upset and affected by shock, would later recognize him. But, hour collapse, was permitted to leave. He entered the workshop of a doctor friend who had treated him following his shock.

"My wife was the most wonderful woman that ever lived," Whitaker said. "I don't know how I'm going to get along without her."

A search showed the prisoner's real name. Jack Lane was an alias. He had been leading a hole life for several years since he left his Kentucky home. But he denied any connection with the death of Ethel Whitaker.

After long questioning he went to bed in the prison ward of the General Hospital at five o'clock on the morning. There was no sleep, however, for Lieutenants Brown and Giese. They spent hours searching the room and the interiors of both beds, looking for the killer's gun.

Three spent 38 bullets were found in Whitaker's room, and six from Whitaker's 38. Several miniature packages of cloth were found on the floor. Chemical tests proved they came from the clothing of the man who called himself Jack Lane. He had been in the apartment when he had been shot, and the pieces of cloth had been torn away by the action of Whitaker's bullets.

Lane shrugged. "You sticking to my story," he said. "I'm not guilty. I never killed anybody."

The police examined the bullet for the gun.

Sam Whitaker told of the struggle

of cloth which definitely linked the suspected man with the slaying.

After viewing the prisoner again, Whitaker told the detectives as they left, "You know, I think you may be right. He does look something like the man."

Brown and Giese resumed their interrogation of Lane. An alert and capable, present when Whitaker had his second look at Lane, made the fantastic claim that she saw the apparently dead-stricken husband work of the vagrant.

After three hours more probing Lane cracked. He would talk of guaranteed protection from Whitaker. He showed where he had hidden the murder gun in the inside of a mattress on a mattress on the rest of the bed.

Lane then revealed that the slaying husband had planned his wife's killing, and had also double-crossed his accomplice by shooting him as he "pallidly detected" his wife, thus killing the hired killer and appearing a hero at the same time.

Lane had met Whitaker when he begged a share from him on a Los Angeles street. The old man gave him money and, during succeeding meetings, talked him into taking part in the crime.

The affair was meticulously planned. Lane entered the Palace at 1233 from the roof of his own hotel, and went to the Whitaker apartment, which was left unlocked, and hid in the closet.

He was to come out and let her run a couple of times—exactly to make the hold-up "natural", not to kill the woman, he said. "It was to frighten her and taking better care of her jewelry."

"I was never so surprised in my life as when he started shooting," explained Lane. "I'd bought half a pint of whiskey earlier in the evening. I drank most of it while I

was in the closet. Afterwards I figured I must have been drunk, and that maybe he didn't mean to shoot me."

Lane claimed that Whitaker shot first and a bullet hit Lane in the right arm, making his gun go off.

Whitaker and Lane were placed on trial together for the killing of Ethel Whitaker. The husband's motive had been 18,000 dollars in insurance on her life.

Whitaker was "engaged" to a woman in Illinois whom he had been courting by mail, and who had "left" him 5,000 dollars. He had spent 1,000 dollars of his wife's savings, which had been left to her by her father, on various love affairs.

The State accepted a plea of guilty of second degree murder on the part of the man known as Jack

Lane, who turned State's evidence and received a sentence of five years to life.

Whitaker fought the charge every inch of the way. The Jury was told that one of the bullets in the dead woman had come from her husband's gun, and had been fired at very close range. It could not have been an accidental shot.

Sam Whitaker was found guilty of murder. He was sentenced to life imprisonment and died in San Quentin Penitentiary during World War II. California police still class him as the most cold-blooded and calculated murderer the State has seen.

His only mistake was an intent to kill Jack Lane. Had he done that he'd have got away with murder. As it was, his "defense" of his wife brought him a guilty verdict.





Study By Noel Hickey



Study By Noel Hickey

Why they carry guns

Maybe the decent citizens think that all other citizens are decent too. But when you're a cop you don't mix with the decent citizens.

JOHN L. MERTON

IN a city where a man flinched his cup of coffee, got up and paid for it, and walked out into evening darkness.

Drinking his coffee and paying for it he looked very much like you and me. He had a good suit on, too. A good suit with a couple of bulges the tailor didn't put there.

A plainclothes detective recognized him. He knew a good deal about some stolen jewellery that had the police puzzled since then.

The detective walked after the man, caught up with him in the street and tapped him on the shoulder. The man knew what this was all about. He took off like a hare, dodged some strollers, and ran. The detective ran after him.

The runaway turned round a corner, ran down a dark lane, started to climb a wall. Behind in the street light, he could see the pursuing policeman. When he got to the top of the wall he damaged one of the bulges in his coat and a revolver came loose. Striding

up there out of reach he careened steadily, blasted down a bullet that hit the policeman, then jumped down to the other side and ran away.

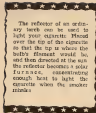
He ran because the second bulge in his coat was a parcel of the disappearing stolen jewellery, still in his possession when he was picked up later.

The detective didn't draw a gun. He didn't have a chance to get a magazine held on the runway. From the top of the wall the thief was safe. He had only one motive for shooting that policeman. The bullet refused to kill.

A man was driving a stolen car. He was recognized by the police and chased. There was an exchange of shots—the runaway fired first. He hoped to get the pursuing car out of action, but he missed the car.

Police arrested a striker at Auburn, U.S.A. The strikers defied the police, who had to enter twice with guns and batons.





and wounded the police officers.

A car parked in a quiet Sydney street was recognized as the getaway car used by three thieves who had robbed a store late. The police started to close in; the thieves jumped into the car, started to drive away, shooting as they went.

You may remember all these incidents. You see a small paragraph about it in the paper occasionally, but you don't realize how often it happens—unless you're a cop.

Then you face the grim reality that any wanted man, any thief, and refugee, may be seized, may shoot, may kill. Then, too, you realize that the men who shoot are not fighting for their lives. Would you rather murder than go to jail for fourteen days, knowing that the result of murder is the death penalty? Some people will answer you—the people who are the enemies of policemen and society in general.

Because that element in the community, once loosed, knows no law but that of gun and boot. And because the talent of this lawlessly lawless element is never discovered

until a crime. There never has been—and this is a damning indictment on the community at large—a civil major tragedy that was not accompanied by pillaging, and thieving. And only too often when the police try to preserve order, open result blocks out.

What happened on an unusual state at Shelbyville, Tennessee U.S.A., some years ago, when a riot broke out? A little township of five thousand people. The riot grew to the dimensions that called for the Militia and the mob overran and burned the national guard trucks, set fire to the courthouse, and put up a battle in which two were killed and twenty-two wounded before the hot blood cooled.

How small the incidents needs to be to start this kind of civil strife in America was shown in a previous episode when it was rumored that a negro boy, Lana Rivers, had been beaten in a five-and-ten cent store, an Harlem Harlem behind the colony just it is, harpers flared, and the allegations of a boy's being beaten caused the biggest riot with there in 25 years. Stones were thrown so soon as it met force. The hot words started. Impassioned clubs were wielded, and store windows were being smashed by a howling crowd. The street, in seconds, became a shambles, with a crowded fight in full progress. And while the mob fought in the street, another mob was busy—the people who rubbed the jagged edges of broken glass to plunge into the shop displays and pillage the goods in the windows.

There was no question of need—the opportunity of taking something that was close at hand, with Little Star of being caught, was a temptation too great for the by-standers. They ignored the light; their pitch was pillage.

The police worked hard to break up the fight, and finally succeeded. They tried to stop the pillaging, and finally succeeded in that, too. But they had a first-class example on their hands, when the show was over, of the kind of thing that, starting from nothing, can lead to wide-spread civil commotion.

The same terrible story has been told other times, floods, stirrers and other forms of unrest, even earthquakes. In the famous San Francisco earthquake the greatest difficulty was not the damage caused by the earthquake, or even by the disruption of services and fires which followed. The heart-rending scene was those who had escaped injury, scavenging among the ruins, helping themselves to other people's property, running hysterically about with handfuls of stolen goods which they had no use for, but which they had collected like magpies.

A story as bad was told about the aftermath of the great Chicago fire.

A particularly pathetic aspect of that tragedy was the number of women of all ages and conditions, molested by lawless men, who declared that the disruption to the general life of the community was so bad that whatever they did could not make it worse. It is in the record that women already terrified rushed screaming from the out-stretched hands of blackens, to be caught in the arms of others who, with no thought of coming to their assistance, were willing to add their weight to attacks being attempted.

Psychologists may have explanations for such behavior, but the immediate need is not explanations, but action. And the only force the community knows to check these outbreaks of lawlessness, whether

it is an individual act or a mob mob, is the force of the police, who have to be prepared to deal with any unexpected situation.

Yet the conditions on which the police have used their firearms are rare indeed, and their use has been only as an extreme measure when all else failed.

The number of times underworld characters have drawn on the police however, is a different story, and one which makes it difficult to believe that some characters can be reformed.

The eye-witness of a spectacular Sydney arrest some years ago said that he saw "police running about with their guns in their hands." He did not know the identity of the man being pursued; but the police did, and they had already been shot at and had closed the shoot-and-run criminal across half the city before they were seen "running about with guns in their hands." The eye-witness was able to be impressed and drew through the nearest open door to protection; but the police themselves had to be exposed to the imminent possibility of death before they screamed, at gunpoint, a warning and violent demand.

A police officer said afterwards, "The feelings of the crowd seemed to be against us. I heard one man say, 'Why are they allowed to carry guns?'—meaning us. All he could see was a man who had run towards them, being pushed reluctantly into a police car while a gun or two was in evidence. What he hadn't seen was a desperate man with a long record of violence, try to take the lives of men who are trying to keep the community safe." Men who put themselves beyond society have to be hunted—and hunters are pretty ineffective without guns.

a Girl on a Conquest

Ah, Andrew goes out with a girl, offering the dog something which seems to interest him. But he is looking at the object, not the girl. But we think she'll win him over to her side. Would you need such an encouragement?



The dog is man's best friend, according to those who know. This charming lass—we don't know her name—thinks that a dog should also be a girl's best friend. But the pooch is not having any female advances—or is he just shy?

The pooch is going overboard. He had the bait in his mouth, but his eyes are on the friendly femme. And could you blame him? But we would like to know her name. But she won't tell.



The bathing is complete, the dog is bathed. Like any other people with the sports, the girl is smiling with triumph. The peach looks completely subdued. What's the speed of bathing when a girl gets out of a conquest? Run, say, there's no chance of finding out her name.



by the way

GRATITUDE

In Kentucky, William Wiggins saw a horse being taken to the knackery. He felt sorry for it, and, although the animal was weary-backed, bony and eight years old, he bought it for 30 dollars. Wiggins named the horse General Rembrandt and fed and trained it. Recently he entered it for a race and the horse repaid Wiggins by winning. The stake was worth 100 dollars.

FOURTH POLLY

Charles Shiley, 31-year-old widower of late of Waukegan, decided to remarry and did so quietly. One day neighbors saw a strange woman putting wood on the fire, and they discovered Charles's fourth wife. In explanation, she said: "We were good friends until one day Charlie said he would like to run away with me. I took him at his word." Charlie calls her Polly, even though her name is Ethel. "I called all my wives Polly," he said.

POLICE DOG

Three times a week, Jasper, a three-year-old Alaskan who likes

police work, spends a night in the cells at Withers, Kent, England. The only way the police can get rid of him is to look him up. At home Jasper is quiet and well behaved, but he has a passion for the police.

DIGGING DEEP

In 1933 an oil well was drilled in Wyoming to the depth of 20,000 feet. It was unsuccessful; no oil was found. But in California, the Ohio Oil Company had drilled deeper and is still digging. The well was started in 1931 and has cost almost two million dollars to date. The drill pipe, which weighs 500 tons, starts at a tower 120 feet high.

NO FOOLING

At Palermo, Sicily, the audience disapproved of a play a touring company presented. Not content with boos or throwing things, the crowd burst up three of the cast and knifed the leading man. The play was an Italian farce. Evidently it did not appeal to their sense of humor. The players recovered, but they have vowed never to appear in Palermo again.



Opened by

mistake

DEBBY KIRKLAND

A pair of alligators shows that walked by themselves were Clifford's doom.

COME ON, NOW, he said, get hold of yourself. His lips moved, dry and silent, and his eyes closed in denial of the truck a glance at the newspaper on his lap had played on him. Just don't let it get you, he told himself: you have to expect some reaction.

Jack Clifford meant reaction to the shade of unexpected acquittal on a first degree murder charge. He was still numb, and in the newspaper he had been reading against his will the judge's words which he had heard only a few hours ago: "It is the opinion of this court that the jury's verdict constitutes a glaring miscarriage of justice."

But the hell with that. Here he was, free, brewing coffee in his own kitchen. After a gut from the gods, wouldn't it be something if he couldn't hold on to a little plain common sense? It was that grumpy jut of the phone call a few minutes ago, he thought that was what had upset him. A man's voice had said, "Please call Dorothy to the phone." And Jack Clifford had almost answered, "She's dead," before he realized there could be no one—no one who would call her. "You have the wrong number," he had said gruffly.

To what hellfire would someone go who thought he should have

been corrected. He made a mental note to have the phone taken out tomorrow.

Clifford lost courage, he turned his head and looked now at a pair of her shoes sitting beside a chair across the room. And he laughed in relief, because, as far as he could judge, they were still in the same position and hadn't shifted at all, what an edge of nervous he had, to think they had moved! Black slippers, platform shoes, with high ankle straps, size 4-4.5. He knew every shoe she had, because Dorothy's beautiful feet had been a woman with him; to her own embarrassment at his "foot defect" she had more shoes than an heirloom; the closet racks were full of them.

The closet racks . . . Jack Clifford's scalp began to stiffen as prickles, as though an electric comb ran only through his hair. Even so it occurred to him to wonder what the slippers were doing beside the kitchen chair, they moved and, as though a ghost walked on them unobtrusively, they disappeared into the living room.

His heart shivered and dissolved in sheer terror. But that lasted only as long as the paralysis which held him breathless. When, finally, he sucked in a hungry sob of breath, he felt, oddly, even sadder than before this had happened. He almost laughed, realizing that he had made a mistake in thinking he would be immune to the terror of death, to the location of the three-weeks' trial. Realization? Well, why not? A natural aftermath. Go to a good doctor and get disinclined out—that was the intent. A psychiatrist who was used to those things. But, then, maybe he wouldn't need to, now that he had himself in hand . . .

The coffee had settled to the bottom of the glass vacuum-maker, and he poured himself a cup. It

was strong, and he soaked it with water from the tap and gulped it down. He would have to go into the living room, of course, and turn himself again while he left confident, he was in a hurry to get it over with.

He flipped the slipper into the fireplace and, on an impulse, moved to the screen door off the living room and opened the door to the coat closet. The closet door that visitors opened. Some vanity had made him insist, in the years when he still was vain about her, that she keep her shoes here instead of in the bedroom closet where they should have been.

The rack was loaded, calf and kid and minkskin, suede and fabric and everything else that shoe-makers had dreamed up. Pumps and wedges and sandals, sport shoes and slippers, open toes and closed toes ankle straps and strap buckles. They were here, all of them. Except one pair, the slippers platform. Up the three steps he bounced, quickly light, his legs cold and drained and so feeling in him anywhere. From the hallway leading to the bathroom, the slippers shoes moved with horrible perfectness toward him across the moose carpet. While he stood frozen, they paused, indenting the nap as though flexible with life and weight, then turned and tripped smoothly back into the hallway again.

Jack Clifford was halfway down the self-served elevator, still assuring himself that everything was going to be all right, all he had to do was keep his head and be sensible, when the most chilling thought of the last hour occurred to him: he had left the lights on in the apartment because he didn't want to think of these shoes standing in the dark . . .

"Sara," he began, desperately from the telephone booth; "Sara, I've got to see you."

The girl's voice held pleasant surprise. "Well! I've been wondering when you would ever call up. Can you come over for a drink?"

Jack Clifford thought he would be needing just that, and maybe more. The bonded Sauron was heavy enough to stick to his ribs, and after the third half of it he found himself smiling, his voice depressing any idea of taking seriously the story he was telling her. But Sara knew him and knew there was no answer in his lies. She said thoughtfully, "I'd better do with you—though I've never been in that apartment with you except when Dorothy was there."

What she and Jack were to each other was secret between them, a piece of guilt Sara lived with because she couldn't live without it. But part of the guilt was that she had known Dorothy for years and kept on visiting and being friendly even while making love to her husband.

All during the ride back to his apartment house, Jack Clifford held

her hand and was silent, for he was afraid he might tell her his greatest fear: that the walking shoes were not an illusion.

Jack Clifford unlocked the door noiselessly, as though afraid that the shoes would hear Sara pressed his arm, and held it as they entered the living room.

Then he saw one of them, the toe peeping around an end of the sofa, and he smiled. With leisurely tread, the nearest slippers danced their platforms toward them across the carpet.

With his eyes on the phantom shoes, startled on a tale he had tried to forget but knew was coming, he smiled and managed a strangled whisper. "There! Do you see them, too?"

At first she said nothing, and he was afraid to look at her. The shoes had stopped, four or five feet off. When he tore his eyes from them at last, he found Sara staring at him in horror. Pale with fear, she jerked back from him, striking his head from her arm.

"You—" he said. "You see it too, don't you?"

Sara's mouth worked, but at first



Illustration by Jack Clifford

she didn't answer. Then the tears came, and hysterical words "God—God help you, Jack!" Before he could stop her, she had run out of the apartment.

Instead of chasing her he glanced back at the clock, which advanced upon him and stopped not more than a foot from his nose. He shuddered, but somehow he did not die of fright as he almost hoped it would. His ultimate horror could have been frightened with the menace of those slight scraps of leather, shaped for the pretty feet which were gone.

"You must have read about the case in the papers," Jack Clifford told the psychiatrist.

"Something, yes. But I don't have much time for reading murder cases, and I didn't place the name right away."

Jack was sweating. "Can you help me? I wouldn't have come to you so late at night, but—she got me. I'm afraid to go home, and I'm afraid to go anywhere else; because that wouldn't do any good, would it?" He had told the doctor everything, except the matter of Sore's behavior.

Smiling, the doctor shook his head. "It wouldn't, my dear sir. Running away from a typical life that—guilt or whatever—would doubtless make it worse. Such hallucinations don't usually persist, though. There are some very queer angles to your case, Mr. Clifford, but they can be cleared up—don't worry about it. Hypnotism, perhaps." He frowned thoughtfully. "I believe we might make progress if I would go with you to your apartment."

"Good!" I was hoping you would, because I wouldn't dare go back alone—hypnotism is not." Jack Clifford's emotion was a mixture of relief and fear. And the door was one

he didn't want to formulate even to himself. For what if the doctor who was going to help him asked the same very Sore had? What if Sore's reaction had not been accompanied by the suggestion he had planted in her mind by telling her the story in advance?

For some reason it was not the slightest shock, this time, but a pair of powder-blue, very bedroomy looking slippers. Size 4-AAA. And moving toward them from the hallway door as though started by invisible feet.

Jack Clifford saw them. He was afraid to ask the doctor, but the latter must have seen them because he looked in the same direction and then he lifted his eyes to Jack's.

"You do see them, then?" Jack whispered.

"Yes," said the doctor, in a reassuring tone. "Now, be a good boy and go into the kitchen and sit down until I call you."

From the kitchen, Jack heard nothing, and he was afraid to sneak a look. But nevertheless there were voices out there, still.

The doctor said, "How long has he acted like this, Mrs. Clifford?"

The girl in the powder-blue makes and dressing robe answered, "Two, three weeks. I was going to call a doctor myself. I think it started when he began following that horrible murder case that ended today, and going to court for every sentence of it. He wanders around and doesn't say a word, even when I speak to him. He—he acts as if he's beginning to get scared of him."

"Fortunately," said the doctor warmly. "A very queer case of wonderful delirium. It might be some time before the danger is over. I would suggest you pack some things right now, Mrs. Clifford, and get out. While you are," he added,

CARTOON CAVALCADE



"Oh, yes . . . I should have you hold the umbrella over often!"



"Next . . . 2"



"I warned you about sitting in the sun without a hat."



"... And they wonder why we've got the highest crime rate of any town in the country!"



"For heaven's sake, Lee... watch the road!"

Death for an insult

The insult went over Edna's head and she was the other banged. And Edna was too good to let her get away with murder!

GUS JOHNSON

THE police box at an hotel in

Martinborough was alive with masculine conversation. The bearded scrub-cutters and fresh-complexioned station hands drained their glasses and thumped the counters on the counter for rebuffs, with the gusto customary in 1933.

One of the scrub-cutters named William Ellis was enjoying himself until he heard a remark that

spun him around to face the man who uttered it. With eyes wild with anger, Ellis shouted "What did you say?"

There was a sarcastic laugh. Then a cultured English voice said "Call himself Jack McKenna boy, when his right name is Wilfred Ellis. And you know why? Because he has been wild. Done time."

Ellis stared hatefully at Leonard



Collinson, his employer. He managed to control his nervous, headlong temper and advancing towards the bush contractor he said: "I'll get you for that Collinson. I'll get you so sure as I stand on this floor."

Collinson drew himself erect and waved Ellis off with a dapper gesture of his hand. Ellis, with a scowl on his face left the boss. He wandered about in a raging mood. Sure, he had been in jail. That was past. Now he wanted to forget it. Collinson had been in jail also. And that was the only thing the two men had in common. Apart from that, they were vastly different in every way.

Collinson was the son of a colonizer and arrived thirty when he came from England to New Zealand some three years ago—in 1890. He was well educated, reserved, talked in a frosty clipped accent and addressed and looked at everyone with a haughty air. He was used to book and occasional work, but at New Zealand he worked for a while as a station hand on the Te Awaite station and later on the same place as a bush contractor.

Ellis was ten years older than Collinson. He was slim, but wary and of medium height. He looked an odd character with his jet black hair and full red beard. He had worked about the bush all his life and was talked about wherever he went on account of his remarkable composure with his rifle. In action and out—it didn't matter to Ellis—he kept up his marksmanship by hunting stag.

Before working for Collinson Ellis had been scrub-cutting on a station called Glenburn. When he handed in his notice, he said he intended to sweep the bush for the day for a change and other work. If William Ellis had carried out that



intention—instead of working for Collinson—the result about his post and a later slur on his character would not have brought about such consequences for both men.

Ellis curtly made a bad move when he went to the Te Awaite station. When the manager—making his usual rounds of the place—spotted him he wasn't too pleased. He said to the boss business:

"Thought you had enough of scrub-cutting. More like you are working here on the pretence of shooting stag."

Ellis took exception to the manager's remarks and snapped back: "I can please myself where I work. Besides, that isn't the only place where a man can find stag."

Then Collinson, who had been listening to the argument, said he agreed with the manager's opinion that Ellis had been stag shooting on Te Awaite. Ellis was asked on the spot.

Ellis openly swore revenge on the men who had humbled and mistreated him.



Ellis was forgotten on Te Awaite until a couple of months after his dismissal. A station hand found a portion of a sheep. The Te Awaite manager and Collinson suspected Ellis. They also agreed that he must be still around the station and had used the missing part of the animal for food.

Not long after that incident, a shepherd returned to his hut and noticed that his khaki jacket and a telescope were missing. Then a station hand named Jackson came home after work and found that his rifle had been stolen. But with that theft, there was a note signed by J. McKenzie, saying that if he didn't return the rifle, he would pay for it.

Strangely enough, there was no official investigation. The culprit was not even seen. The winter passed. Summer came and William Ellis was once again forgotten. But during that time, he stayed close to Te Awaite station living on what he shot and sleeping close to his fire.

In February 1904, Ellis was again, camped by the Te Awaite River. Day by day, leaving behind a trail of dead fives, he moved in closer to the station. Near the end of that same month he had reached the spot where his enemy was working.

Up on the hillside, he had a perfect view of the valley. He watched Collinson and an employee named Ross working. Ellis noticed his body on the floor bush. He saw Collinson indicate an order to Ross and Ross left him. Ellis aimed his rifle, he squeezed the trigger, Collinson fell.

At the sound of the shot, Ross raced back to Collinson. But Collinson was dead. A .303 bullet had passed through his left lung and heart.

A search was made of the hillside. The only thing found was the indent in the flag where Ellis had lain. Although the official verdict into Collinson's death was that he was shot by some person unknown Ellis was suspected. Col-

CAVALCADE HOME OF THE MONTH

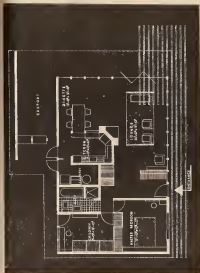


No. 15 TWO-BEDROOMED TIMBER FRAMED HOUSE

By I. 9005

THIS house is designed for a family with two small children. As the children grow the house can be extended by cutting a passage through the children's bedroom and building two additional bedrooms to it. The main entrance is separated from the living-room with a cupboard unit, with hanging space on one side and a breakfast-bar on the other. Large living area is built around the fireplace, with dinette in one corner. Kitchen is separated from dinette by working-bench and shelves. Dining-table can be drawn into kitchen set and then pushed back again. Kitchen has access to laundry and to area behind carport, which is covered. Outside storage will be for garden tools. Bath and

bedrooms are placed in one group to provide complete privacy. Bath is equipped between bedrooms serves both rooms. Children have two-level beds, the upper covering half of the lower one. Garage roof overhangs, and timber lattice-work provides plenty of shade. Construction is timber frame, with horizontal boards on the outside. Fibrous plaster and plywood inside. There is no ceiling. The rafters are shoving and supporting a 3-inch "Hemlock" sheathing, 3/4 x 1 in. girders, and corrugated asbestos roof. This solution gives a much better insulation and is cheaper than the usual conservative stick-construction roofs. The best position of the house is to face the compact-lounge north. The area of the house is 98 squares.





BULL



He could do nothing but stare at the speed of horn about to dig holes through his body.

ROLAND BLACKBURN

If he moved, he would be killed.

If he raised an arm, those ugly, sharp weapons of death would know instantly where to go. If he so much as turned his head it would be the end of him. Jim Lowden knew these things, and he kept very still there on his chair in the centre of the bull-ring under the arc lights, while the crowd

looked on and howled furiously for him to die.

The bull leaped. It lost interest in him and galloped to the barrier, where it batted at the solid wood in mad anger. The shade could be heard above the shouts of the crowd.

The bull came back. It galloped up nearly to him and snuffed. He

for LOWDEN

could feel its hot breath on his face. The air from the bull's lungs belted his hands, which were lying still but tense on the white mat covering his thighs. The bull backed a few yards, staring at him with pained eyes. It knew this was a man, but the man did not move. That was everything to the bull, for bulls do not attack until they are defeated by movement.

The muscles in Jim Lawden's face twitched, but otherwise he remained as immovable as a seated statue.

It was the wind that did it. Lawden had felt the breeze on the back of his neck the moment he entered the ring for his act in the comic bullfight. It had worried him. Now it carried out its threat. It lifted up the sides of his coat and flattered them, waving them in the very face of his mortal enemy.

The bull saw. The great hump of muscle on the top of its neck rose higher. From bloodshot, blazing eyes it glared at him. It pawed the yellow earth, throwing back showers of dirt and sending out in front a spray of dust when it sneezed. Then, like an enormous locomotive, the huge black beast charged.

In that instant before the bull reached him Lawden felt more rage than fear. It had been a dirty trick from the start, this—the combination of his series of bad breaks ever since he left Mexico and came to Spain.

In Mexico he had been a full-blooded matador. He left a future there and came to what he hoped would be a better one in Spain. He wanted to become a cowboy in the home of bullfighting. That ideal had been before him ever since, as a youth of 18, he had crossed into Mexico and conquered his first

small bull in an amateur fight.

But Spain did not recognize Mexican amateur ratings. Here he had to go through the whole process again. The backing agent at the Valencia ring had made that quite clear to him. Lascay Martinez Frog, his pale eyes peeping out of his crown, was sceptical of his knowing anything about a corral de toros. But then Frog was like that. He was, as the Spaniards say, an animal.

"Think you know bull?" he demanded of Jim Lawden.

"Sure I know them."

"Regular bull-broser, eh?"

"That's me."

"Well, look, next Sunday. You kill two bulls for 500 pesetas. If you can."

"I can. But I get 5,000 in Mexico."

"Then in Spain, and we are poor."

Jim Lawden killed his bulls that Sunday afternoon. But he killed them badly. Nothing he did went right. Where ordinarily his cape-work was graceful and exciting, that of his first fight in Spain was awkward and unsure.

The reason why Lawden made such a bad showing that day were pretty complex. He hadn't acclimated himself yet. Everything seemed strange and different. And the bulls were inferior. But the main reason was that two days before the corrida Siskien had entered his room in the hotel and made off with most of the money he had saved and all of his fighting equipment. They took his expensive costume, his sword, his capes.

Lawden had to fight in a hired suit with hired capes and sword. The prospect of making a good showing in an amateur, ill-fitting uniform and with untried weapons was unattractive. The ghastly result

had been natural. When it was over, and he had paid for the use of the equipment and given the picadores and banderilleros their fees, Lawden had only enough money left for a few meals.

It was because he took one of these meals that he put himself in the position of never expecting another engagement at the Valencia ring. He had taken the trolley from the town down to Giron, the port of Valencia.

A hundred yards from the eating-shack, in a dim, isolated section of the beach, the startled scream of a girl shot out of the silence.

In the place he could just make out a bulk of a man and the dim form of a girl.

Lawden reached out. His arm was like a flexible steel bar as it jerked the man away. The girl, breathing heavily, stood there, regarding them with wide, blank eyes.

The man grunted and turned to face Lawden. He saw at once that it was Mexican Frog. His clenched fist shot out and was solidly introduced to flesh and bone. Frog toppled. He hung for an instant in an improbable arc, then hit the beach with a thud.

After that Lawden didn't even consider approaching the Valencia ring for another engagement—especially when Frog was certain to know that he was seeing Juanas every day.

Lawden didn't try for another chance until he had taken two more meals at Juanas' house for the food of his self-respect. Then he left her bed to. Martinez Frog might just possibly put aside the personal angle and reward him once in a wholly official manner.

Frog didn't. His pop-eyes half covered themselves with heavy lids when Lawden walked into his office

at the bull ring. Frog shouted "No," he said, "The bull-broser again."

"Looks like you don't get"

"All except the stomach. That was bigger but time."

"It can be killed."

"Not here, torero"

He went to the door, but when he reached it Frog called after him.

"We're looking a coming fight next week."

"You can be Don Tamarco at the next torero fight. The job's open."

Frog was handling him as the worst possible way known to people who make their living from the bull ring. Don Tamarco was the name they gave to a man who, clad in a whole suit, sat on a chair in the middle of the ring at comic "corridos." A small, usually harmless bull was let in, and if the man didn't move the animal would not touch him. If he made any movement the bull would attack. It was a job for a poor, a bull ring round-about, not a serious matador.

"Think it over, bull-broser. Don Tamarco gets 100 pesetas."

The time came for Don Tamarco. Lawden walked out, self-consciously at first, then with defiance as some of the crowd recognized him and jeered. He went to the chair that had been placed in the very center of the ring behind the runway. He sat down and waited.

A bugle sounded. Brown doors swung back. There was a clatter of hooves and a great dark shape darted out.

This was no small, mostly harmless bull that was used for Don Tamarco. It was a full-sized, five-year-old fighting bull.

As the bull charged, Lawden leaped to his feet. The chair was in his hands. Instinctively he made the

movement of a peon. He swayed lastly. The animal whirled, came back. Lowenda turned to one side again with the chair. But he didn't want to try it a third time. The bull was too smart for that. It had almost got him on the second charge.

He threw the chair at the bull to distract it. The bull crushed it into splinters with horns and hoofs. In the interval Lowenda ripped off his coat. He jerked the garment from his shoulders, had it in his hands. Thank God it had a dark lining! The bull could see that.

He executed a series of passes that created a silence in the ring. He improved on them, then a madman's vengeance that brought the crowd to its feet.

Calmly, unobtrusively, he went through his whole repertoire. It wasn't a limited one. When he held his sword cage behind him to his left for the arrocinos, the most dangerous and difficult of all passes, the crowd roared "Ola, hoy!" As the bull bore down on him they screamed: "He's dead! He's dead!"

The left horn caught him on the leg, tore away a great strip of trousers, and then passed on. He tried it on the other side. Miraculously, it worked. But the bull stopped closely at him, all but lifting him into the air.

Lowenda knew the threat he had to do. He had to exhaust the bull, accomplish the work of two horses and half a dozen men. He worked his grim apparatus away to one side of the ring. There, as a series of quick brilliant passes, he whipped him back and forth. To the right he went to the left. Finally, with a daring recourse, Lowenda reached out, touched the tip of the bull's horns with his fingers, and then, turning his back

on him, walked away. The crowd screamed in delight.

But Lowenda wasn't daunted. In the cool detached state of mind that had descended on him, he knew that what he had done so far was useless. Now he wanted to show them something else.

Marching over the barrier, he took from the hands of one of the staving clerics an estoque and muleta.

With proper fighting tools the crowd would expect another work.

He gave it to them. He did what he wanted with the bull. If he was attacked viciously, he replied severely. Yet always in perfect form, with his feet together, his back arched, never moving from the spot he had chosen for his own. He worked close, seeking in his stomach to let the bull get by without looking him. A couple of times his and the bull's bodies became one in movement and the crowd murmured, "Ole! Ole!"

Straight over the right horn he went, and when he was there he plunged down deep, into success.

The ring seemed to be filled with waves upon waves of uttering white handkerchiefs instead of people. A peon ran out, and when he made to cut off the bull's ear, the crowd roared approval. He cut off the other ear and the crowd shrieked with delight. Men rushed into the ring as the men were put into Lowenda's hands. They lifted him on their shoulders and carried him in triumph around the ring.

Behind them, Mariano Freg was being carried too. Only the crowd had sensed what had happened, and he was being borne upside down. Lowenda, Mibetola, not Don Tamarco, would fight in the Valencia ring again. He would fight in all the bull rings of Spain.

The man was the little girl.
Operations changed his sex.

GRANT LAWRENCE

Can Sex be changed

MEN become women—women become men—just a technical state is it if possible? There are some astounding records in medical files, and doctors consider a conservative "Yes!"

The girl's name was Antonina, and she was all right until she

was seventeen. Then her voice broke. Unusual but nothing to worry about—until a year later she started to grow a beard and had to begin shaving. That was awkward.

Antonina was an Italian then. She was seen by British doctors, who found that Antonina wasn't

really a girl at all and sent her back to Germany, her native land. Then she underwent a surgical operation, the birth certificate was altered from Andersén to Andersen, and she is now alive—maybe the only man ever brought up in a consent.

On the other hand, Friedrich Munkel has twice experienced a change of sex. He was born in 1892 as a boy, but in 1922 was subjected to an operation which made him a girl, he was re-captured, and doctors were satisfied that he deserved his name, Elfrida.

Only a couple of years ago, Elfrida working on a German farm, losing men at their jobs, a girl who had a man's strength, who had to shave every second day. Finally the ladies went to the doctor, had two sessions in hospital, and came back to the world as a man.

A puzzle. A few cases which have made notoriety in the press have made people wonder whether such a change of sex is possible. The answer is yes.

There is a laboratory researching into hormones in the British Midlands. It is staffed by men who really got a scare—they were threatened with a mass change of sex because they were handling female hormone preparations which gradually penetrated their systems and commenced to bring about a change in their sexual feelings and outlook. Laboratory dust was blamed for over-dosing them with female hormones, and an antidote to some male hormone preparations, was administered to bring them back to normal. All's well that ends well, but the big point is that a simple factor like that can bring about the very change about which so many people are sceptical.

The fact is that hormones are

nature's tiny messengers, they control the sex of the individual, and a change in hormone supply whether by injury to an internal gland, or by absorbing some hormone from surroundings, can effect the sex of the individual.

This is why men who suffer a loss of virility are able very often to be treated to restore their vigour—male hormone is given to bring back masculinity.

When people are born with hormone imbalances, various effects, from effeminacy in men to masculinism in women, appear, and there comes the "bedlight" scene, people who are almost on the border-line of the opposite sex.

It is certain that in some of these cases, the physical factors of sex are undetermined, and that the characteristics of the opposite sex are so pronounced that a surgeon can bring about what is called a sex change.

Such things have occurred in the past—without being publicized or documented. For instance, Anne Petersen was born in Denmark in 1912, and nobody doubted her sex. She grew up as a girl, became beautiful, was sick, and was thought to be suffering from a hernia. In 1929 she consulted Professor Knud Sand, in Copenhagen, and he told her that he could without doubt change her to a man—but if he did she would have to serve as a soldier. She postponed the operation, it was finally carried out in 1933, her name was changed to Arne, a typical Danish name. At Anne Petersen she had been the cleaner at Rødborn Station but as a man, Arne Petersen found it hard to get a job.

Today Anne Petersen may wonder at the goodness of other sex-change cases, to him it is only a problem. He told the press that

when he was a woman the men at the railway station teased him and told him dirty stories, now, however, they accept him as a man, and life in that direction at least, is more pleasant.

Sixteen-year-old Fandah Nayfeh, of Iraq, underwent a series of three operations in 1933 which changed her to a male. Unlike Arne Petersen, she had no urge to become a soldier. Since her transformation she has fulfilled her ambition and is now serving in the Iraqi army.

Fandah was a pseudo-hermaphrodite, with partial sexual organs of both sexes, the male being predominant.

In cases where predominant sex organs are male, usually there are no women, nor work.

Before doctors undertake sexual-change operations, they must be sure which is the predominant sex.

Where the doctors are doubtful, they must consider the patient's sexual characteristics, the choice of sex by the patient and whether the patient was raised as a boy or a girl.

All these things are important, because a reversal of sex can create a psychological upset which could result in insanity.

There were many cases of "sex change" before Christine Jorgensen, there have been a few since.

These cases are not isolated, they are not man-made, they are from the notebooks of doctors who know the patients.

Science has no doubts about the position, there are no doubts about it, it happens. But it happens infrequently, though more often than you'd think. The answer is that it is unusual, but perfectly true, that people can and do change their sex.

Anne Petersen, born in Denmark, in 1912 was turned at a woman in 1929 and underwent operations and became—



Anne Petersen, a man. He is supposed to be a man because he feels more attracted to the male sex.



Beware

PSYCHOPATH APPROACHING!

The psychopath is often very intelligent. But there are times when he throws off the cloak of sane action and does the wildest things.

KAY DAVIS

THE peace of Sunday morning was suddenly shattered by a reported middle-aged businessman, who burst out of his house in his underwear and pranced on the lawn singing howdy songs.

He was well into a melody about an Eastern beam when his wife rang for the police. Abruptly the tapestry act finished as the men darted in his door's frame, whipped off the good's collar, and trotted through the streets with the collar about his neck and the lead trailing. He added nothing to his performance by barking:

"Drunk? Yes Mad! Yes, though not in the generally accepted sense. Our businessman was suffering from a disorder which, one eminent authority stated, is a hundred times more common than polyneuritis. He was a psychopath."

Quite often brilliant men are psychopaths. Take the case of the distinguished scientist, authority on physics, doctor of philosophy, boom-artist. Every now and again he'd have a few days off while he wrestled happily with a few bottles. Sometimes he drank himself into a coma, on other occasions he reverted to the ape stage, and roared in trees, falling threats on coliclers.

He forsake academic life for a time,

frankly drifted back to university life. Then he proceeded to fail in and out of job after job. Once his departmental head found him in a St. Bernard's kennel at a veterinary hospital, placidly yapping that he'd gone to the dogs at last.

It may be argued that "three-shaver dollars are made, anyway." Well, here's the case of a man who worked in advertising, and as an insurance salesman. He was a charming fellow, though he had unpleasant habits, such as forgetting to pay bills, wearing other people's clothes, and things of a rather more dubious nature.

He, too, drifted from job to job, usually ending himself out by a long-haul drinking spree. When he was really down and out he would dash to the nearest woman and find ready sympathy. The more sympathy he received, the more he drank.

Though he had been known to attempt to start with his friends' wives, he seemed to do this mainly out of a sense of mischief. But one thing was undoubted—he had a wonderful power of evoking feminine sympathy.

There you have two obvious psychopaths. Yet both had pleasing personalities and high intelligence, two characteristics of the psychopaths.

Dr. Harvey Clarkley, Professor of Psychiatry and Neurology at the University of Georgia, has enumerated a number of other signs. Though the general opinion among investigators is that the psychopath is mentally abnormal, he isn't likely to show the more obvious signs of disorder. For instance, he isn't likely to break off an mid-conversation and bid you on the hand with the remark that an "inner voice" had prompted him

to do it. He is quite different. The psychopath is just the type of fellow that an employer would appoint to a position of trust.

But it wouldn't be very long before the psychopath showed up as a seriously unreliable, even dishonest. One likable man took a job as salesman, and soon showed that he had outstanding ability. But within a year he had lost the job and was deemed lucky to have escaped without a prison term.

At the beginning he was able to reach a high average by selling to his many friends. When that source began to dry up, he said his wares at a loss, and falsified his books.

He showed no sense of shame for what he had done, despite the fact that he came from a highly respectable family. The psychopath doesn't show signs of true shame, though he may convince you of his plans for reformation.

Indifference to crime is one of the marks of the psychopath, though it has been noticed that he or she will often take big risks for small returns.

Some psychopaths drink and some do not. Those who drink usually need only a few to trigger them off on fantastic action. It has been remarked that psychopaths drink, unlike other types of alcoholics, seldom appear to enjoy their drinking.

According to leading authorities on the subject, the psychopath doesn't feel as deeply or as clearly as the normal person, though he is obviously capable of emotions such as spite, self-pity, noisy indignation. Watched closely, it will mean that these things are something of an act, possibly tied in with the self-conviction that is another sign of the psychopath.

It will be noticed with people

of this type, however, that they are inclined to be generous to people whose well-being would reflect credit on them. They would possibly help a poor relative if they could be sure that the whole neighborhood would know about their generosity.

Generally, though, the psychopath cares nothing about the feelings of his friends. Usually, as we've stated, the psychopath is a thoroughly likable character who naturally attracts a lot of friends. They are likely to go to a lot of trouble to get their current friend out of trouble. He will exhibit the most exaggerated gratitude and . . . commit the same crime all over again!

He will be very ready to help the poor with a gift of twenty pounds, and then be quite unmoved when his family has to starve for a week because of his impulsive gift!

Though both male and female psychopaths indulge freely in love they never seem to attach any significance to that aspect of life other than a mild pleasure. And there is a definite tendency to take part in abnormal love acts "just for the fun of it" rather than because of any deep-seated perversion.

Female psychopaths frequently involve themselves in doubtful situations with little apparent concern. There was the case of a very popular woman of about forty.

She was extremely promiscuous—a habit of life which had begun in her school days. Her parents sent her to a girls' school, from which they received excellent reports of her progress.

Several months passed before it was discovered that the girl had been forging the reports. Her father went to see her, but found

that she had vanished from the school. She returned of her own volition the next week.

Sometimes she appears incapable of remorse. She is a respected citizen in a community which knows nothing about her fairly frequent lapses. She has taught in Sunday school and has taken part in various charitable and social activities. But occasionally she'll go to some low den and pick up a few bawling men. There seems little hope of curing her.

One of the symptoms of the psychopath is his tendency to drift through life rather than to work for a worthwhile goal.

A highly-intelligent person they have unreliable habits, but it would be foolish for the untrained person to label such a man or woman a psychopath. The degree of unreliability may be small and will not be necessarily indicative of a psychopathic state.

Can the psychopath be cured? Confident claims have been made, but leading authorities are very cautious in their statements. At present surgery works as greatly hampered by the fact that psychopaths are reluctant to stay in institutions long enough for gradual treatments to take effect. And doctors find it hard to hold a patient who looks so sane as they do.

Shock therapy and certain brain operations have been tried with some reported success.

But medical authorities in Australia are hampered by the fact that the word "psychopath" is about as well known to the average citizen as the details of the theory of relativity. Yet it has been estimated that psychopaths in varying degrees cost many thousands of pounds in terms of inefficiency and assistance to other people.

Was Bonaparte a Ladies' Man?



The conqueror of Europe, the man who set the pattern for international politics in the 19th century, could command men—but he couldn't satisfy women.

WHEN Napoleon Bonaparte was on the island of Elba he was a brooding fellow who stalked frowning around the place, looking across the Mediterranean towards the coast of France, muttering "France!"

The island was his last for France had him to pluck and expulse on escape from the island. The eyes of his master roared the mainland, and when he, as a refugee from justice, stepped up the beach from the dinghy that brought him ashore, he saw an angle of France he had never seen before.

Soldiers were lined there — each one armed with a rifle, each rifle pointed at his head.

Bonaparte advanced towards them, threw open his greatcoat, stuck out his chest, and cried, "Men! Would you shoot your emperor?"

The rifles were lowered, the men cheered, and Bonaparte went on to Waterloo, his landing, a refugee under rifle under a single gaze, and phrase turned him into a leader of men.

The most fabulous fight France ever produced was lost in the street of Ajaccio, the capital of the island of Corsica, on his mother was on her way to church.

At 21, a corporal, he was hurled forward into the mass left by the quivering five-year-long French Revolution. He merged the political feelings of the top. He led his country until the battle of Waterloo, in 1815. He saved his mother to honour his brothers to European thrones.

The legendary figure was indefatigable. For years he slept for only four hours a night. Holidays don't go with military government when it is combined with national leadership; the Emperor-General worked incessantly, lived hard, and never lost a trick.

That is, he never lost a trick until it came to women.

His youth, his angular, effeminate habits of life, his distrust of every man he met, his own power made him a glaucous figure.

Men told stories about the steady eye, the magnetic personality. Women enlarged upon these stories. And the West Indian widow of Vincent Bonaparte, when she met the young soldier of 22 at the house of a friend, fell madly in love with him.

She was the famous Josephine; it is one of history's by-words that Napoleon fell madly in love with her.

Napoleon made the Czech girl the Empress of France in eight short years, and could not bear to be separated from her. During his courtship he wrote to her daily and incessantly, pouring out his undying passion for her in the most extravagant phrases.

The wife who inspired this burning passion in the emperor was no innocent or youthful beauty. She was six years older than the emperor, and she had been married to the Viennese, who was guillotined in 1794.

When in 1804, after sharing the throne with Napoleon for five years, Josephine was divorced from the emperor, it was not because his love for her had waned. He made terms of his divorce that she was still to be known as the Empress. That she was to have the beautiful

statues of Malmaison, and two million francs a year pension.

The only reason for his dissolving the marriage was that he could not have children by Josephine.

But history has remembered more than once that Napoleon's wife had been able to have two children by her previous husband.

Napoleon married his second wife, the Austrian princess Marie Louise. The marriage ensured Bonaparte a welcome in the royal courts of Europe—and after a year it produced a son. The son was still in his cradle when he was proclaimed Emperor of Rome.

Historians have wondered whether whether Napoleon was, indeed, the father of Napoleon Francis Joseph Charles.

When Napoleon abdicated and went to Elba, in 1814, Marie Louise did not accompany her husband to his exile. She returned to Vienna, and she took the young Napoleon Francis Joseph Charles with her. Chroniclers have thought this strange, that the emperor who gave away his one true love for the sake of a son should let the son go so readily.

But there are other aspects. Back in Vienna Marie Louise's son was made the Duke of Reichstadt. He was born because Napoleon had a driving desire to have a son who could become Napoleon II, and he was named for it. But he ended up with an Austrian military title, and in 1836 he died in the castle of Schonbrunn.

So historians evolved an idea that never did gain great popularity: the idea that the bourgeoisie was not on the wife's side, but was part of Napoleon's own make-up, that he himself could not become a father.

Further, they have speculated as to whether Napoleon ever disre-



From grandeur to exile. Napoleon lived in this house on Elba. Two girls read about his rise and fall.

ared that he was incapable of being a parent.

There, at the Longwood home, he employed himself from 1814 until 1815 in reliving his past, in creating the Napoleonic legend. He wrote endlessly of his activities and the ideals that inspired him. He wrote tremendously, pouring out ideas, explaining his ideals of liberty, discussing the code of laws he drafted and sent to France.

But in all these years of creating the legend, he did not build up his son, the boy he had divorced Josephine to father. He did not follow a natural bent of mind and look forward to the day when Napoleon Francis Joseph Charles Bonaparte would be Napoleon II.

Why did he build up himself and his ideas and all that he did except the son?

He was madly examined before his burial—and the madmen were amazed. The precocious young corporal who had been born in the Ajaccio street, who had loved indefatigably, who had suffered and governed on four hours sleep a night, who had conquered Europe, who had been unable to give Josephine her third child—had the sexual organs of a boy of five.

The man who changed history, the conqueror of Europe, in his death gave up the secret of his life. His restless energy, his supreme cynicism, his indefatigable desire for power and government, were explained by one word—frustration.

Frustration is often thought of and spoken of as a hindrance, and a menace to the individual. Sometimes it can be a driving force. It was with Napoleon Bonaparte.

WHAT HEREDITY

Fear of what the children may inherit is an unnecessary worry in most cases. But there's no nonsense about heredity itself.

gives YOUR CHILDREN

SPENCER LEWING

SHE was a child of two, and she kicked her heels up a bit because she didn't like going to bed at bedtime. Her mother grabbed her by the wrist and pulled her out of the room.

Later her mother said, "I've got to break her temper. She got it from her grandmother."

The unhappy part of it was that mother believed that grandma's bad temper came out in the daughter. Of course you have your father's lining for women or your mother's craving for gin or something. Everybody knows how these things are inherited. Unfortunately, everybody is wrong about most of these things.

In this case, take grandma, whose bad temper had been inherited by the girl of two. Grandma's temper was pretty marvelous to get itself transmitted down the line. It only came into evidence when she was getting on in life and her children were growing up. Then she discovered that a husband new and again was good publicity. Her bad temper was turned on so that her growing children, who might have forgotten her, didn't have a chance to forget her as she raised one that after another.

Now take the child of two, she was playing happily, and the last thing she wanted was to be taken

to bed. Asserting the desire to stay up longer, she was grabbed by the wrist and dragged from the room. The fact that she protested wasn't bad temper; it was a natural desire not to be dragged around by the wrist when she wanted to play.

But the inherited bad temper was blamed. Pappoose!

The idea that people inherit things like that is pretty deep-rooted, and the subject of many an argument. Particularly is this so where there has been a mental aberration in the family.

People talk about some past insanity and the fear of the children inheriting it. If anything is likely to drive them mad it is the fear of going mad. It will be without doubtless auto-suggestion, which can kill anybody, will be the answer.

A sweeping statement; one which calls for some qualification. And the qualification is this, that predisposition to mental illness can be a danger. Predisposition to mental illness does not have to be inherited. It can be part of the make-up of the individual and it can owe its origin to anything from bad habits to overwork or physical conditions injuring nerves or brain. Some predisposition to mental illness may be inherited; in-



directly, as for instance, in the case of venereal infection, the weakness may be passed on. But this is the inheritance of a physical condition which predisposes to a mental weakness.

Wherever there is reason to think there is predisposition to a particular ill, whether it is insanity or something else, it is just as well to take heed of the warning. And it is most important to say that, if there is a warning, and the warning is heeded, a repetition of the next misfortune to the family may be avoided.

But the tendency towards a weakness, or the fact of a weakness being present in a family, is no sign of defeat.

The Hapsburgs were known as haemophiliacs — bleeders. The disease, which is a type of blood which will not coagulate, is serious, and is inherited. It became known as "the curse of the Hapsburgs", and some Hapsburgs died from it. But a lot of Hapsburgs survived it, because knowing that once they bled the bleeding could not be stopped, they did things which would seem strange to normal people—but which helped them survive. They had a definite weakness which was definitely hereditary—but it didn't keep them from occupying royal positions in Europe for many centuries.

If the threat of a known inherited weakness can be held at bay by one family for centuries, it is fairly obvious that the smaller fears of lesser consequences, by people living normal lives, cannot be as serious as one might think.

Not everything depends on the frame of mind, but a great deal does.

The determination to study and combat any inherent weakness is a very important aspect.

Fighting the predisposition, ordering normal, healthy living, and taking early note of any symptoms that seem likely to occur, are all important factors.

This is especially so with fears of inherited insanity, where there is no physical weakness, and where a healthy mind may readily throw off worried thoughts.

The brain itself is one of those organs about which a great deal is not known.

But the factors which combine to form what is called "mental stress" are known. Worry, anxiety, excitement, over-fatigue, are all sources of a clear head.

Some theorists point to the Mendelian theory, and say that it is all rather hopeless if the stock is bad. Again I say: "Nonsense!"

In or about the year 1880, an Austrian monk named Gregor Johann Mendel conducted some experiments in his monastery garden. He demonstrated with peas, and found that some characters passed on to progeny were dominant, and others recessive. This was found to be true in regard to other plants, and also in respect of animals, including human beings, especially so far as the colour of the eyes and hair and the inheritance of such diseases as haemophilia are concerned. Haemophilia, by the way, is only transmitted through the female line.

Scholarly post-poked this Mendelian theory until 1903, when it received general recognition. Simply, the theory is that all the qualities of both parents are passed on to their offspring, but that some are dominant and obvious, others recessive, which do not appear in the offspring lifetime.

Mendel went still further. He maintained that in the following generation the original characteris-

tics might well be reversed, that is to say, those dominant in the parent might become recessive, and those recessive, dominant, but that all the characteristics were handed down, nevertheless.

The compilation, and study of many genealogical family "trees" during the earlier part of my professional career convinced me that this was true—but only up to a point.

I found mixtures of good and bad stock. The bad stock flunked out, by early death or in a mental home. The good went on and, mostly, did well.

If you analyse yourself you will note your strength and your weakness. Heredity and/or environment will have limited those features. So you must fight the weaknesses until you conquer them.

It does not follow that children inherit their parents' vocational tastes. Very often it is just the opposite.

Heredity plays only a sporadic part in sports. Now and then a father and son excel—the Hardsteds and Tates in English cricket, the Barnes in Australian boxing.

But far more often than not a father's brilliance at sport is not reflected in his son or sons.

It is only in the rarest cases that genius is inherited. But a taste for a certain thing is frequently inherited.

As far as facial looks are concerned, heredity does play a part. It is true that some physical diseases can be and are transmitted.

A tubercular parent does not necessarily have tubercular children.

Working far nearly forty years in the mental field between gave me access to many thousands of sick people and their case histories.

On the whole I found that the female was the more important and critical parent, from the point of view of heredity.

In this regard, one case in particular occurs to me. A markedly defective young man married a fine, healthy girl. They had three or four children who were healthy, with no sign of any mental or physical abnormality.

Cancer is not necessarily a transmissible disease, as is believed.

Shortly after World War I, a

No one gets of multiple sclerosis, or Parkinson's Disease, despite popular belief to the contrary, says Dr. A. M. Rabener, New York University neurologist. He reports on a group of 75 patients who had been sent to institutions with Parkinson's Disease. Some had been in institutions for as long as 30 years. Each of the 75 died of some other cause. Dr. Rabener advocates activity for victims of the disease. Like what, which begins only if movement, as the patient with Parkinson's Disease becomes rigid only when inactive. Parkinson's Disease is characterized by rigidity of the muscles, shuffling gait, loss of automatic movements and a masklike facial expression. It comes on usually in the fifties and sixties. Symptoms include lack of muscular co-ordination, weakness and jerking movements of legs and arms. The belief that Parkinson's disease is a killer should be corrected because it leads to an unnecessary feeling of helplessness in a large group of patients who could live fairly well-adjusted lives if their minds were maintained.

young married ex-Serviceman sought to take out a policy on his own life. The usual medical form had to be filled in, as a preliminary to the medical examination.

The completed form showed a bad history of cancer, on both the maternal and paternal sides . . .

The application was rejected, presumably on these grounds. Yet he is alive and well, thirty-five years later.

That man was myself.

If your father or grandfather, died in a mental hospital, don't let it prey on your mind. It is possible to be quietly aware of such a thing, but not to let it obscure or obscure.

Go ahead happily, pleasantly, but with a quiet determination to overcome rapid self-control throughout your life. Will-power is the finest and strongest armour against

trouble and disease of all kinds.

Further benefits of a far-reaching hand will be obtained as the result of a good, clean life, directed by unerring measures of self-control. Your children, also, will have a better chance of health and happiness—provided that your marriage partner is strong and healthy.

That gives point to another bit of advice—though it will be in vain, if a man is to choose a wife wisely.

You can watch up her state of health, in body and mind. From a genetic point of view it really is a road and critical thing.

But things don't work that way where love affairs are concerned. It is blind to shortcomings.

In such circumstances one can only hope for the best.

pointers to better health

MIGRAINE RELIEF

The anti-emetic drug, Dramamine, often relieves migraine, doctors have discovered. The drug is injected, rather than given orally. Relief came on an average of four minutes when the drug was injected into a vein and 15 minutes when given by way of the muscle. Dramamine is antihistamine, non-habit forming and inexpensive.

BREAST CANCER FING

Women with advanced breast cancer who cannot be helped by any kind of treatment, may benefit by the removal of the pituitary gland, according to latest findings. In tests, two out of five patients had shown improvement. All of the five cases had previously been deemed to early deaths. All previously had their ovaries and adrenal glands removed and had received other forms of treatment. The pituitary gland, known as the "master gland", is a small oval body located in the center of the head, just beneath the brain. When the pituitary gland is removed, the patient's hormone balance is maintained by giving synthetic, man-made hormones.

thyroid hormone and pituitary, a pituitary hormone.

BABIES

The occurrence of serious hemorrhage in newborn babies can be reduced almost 25 per cent by giving the mother vitamin K before delivery, report two Danish doctors in the journal, "Postgraduate Medicine". The bleeding, when it occurs in newborn infants, usually comes between the second and fourth day after birth.

PYORRHEA PREVENTION

Tooth bone destroyed by pyorrhea has been successfully regenerated in laboratory animals by stabilizing sex hormones, reports Dr. I. Gluckman, of the Tufts College Dental School. Pyorrhea is responsible for loss of more teeth than any other cause. Teeth become loose, and if not treated, begin to lose supporting bone. Doctor Gluckman produced the disease in 100 laboratory animals by delecting that fifty of the animals received female sex hormones. Not only was their loss of teeth halted, but new bone began to grow in place of the bone destroyed. The findings have been applied to human.



"I bought you a beautiful blue tie and a coat for myself to match."

Why Men Lose



Virility

RAYMOND WEATH

Because you cannot indulge in marital relations as often as another man, it does not mean you are losing your virility. But there are many reasons for a man becoming impotent.

THIS eminent Kinsey was vigorously attacked because his report on the sexual behaviour of the human female constituted a glacial slide against women.

A lot of people, from editors of "Parade" and "The New Yorker" to Fanny Bank authors, have slandered women. They have slandered mother-in-laws to get a laugh; they have slandered stand-over wives to get a laugh; they have lectured callously on the female as a temptress, strictly not for laughs, but as a warning to young men.

But Kinsey was something different. The humorists are allowed much the same license as poets—and when they jest about mothers-in-law every mother-in-law in the world consoles herself by saying "Oh, it's only a joke; of course he doesn't mean it." And when somebody lectures young men about the tempting female, the shrug is accompanied by the dismissal, "Yes, he's a nut." Kinsey, however, is in another class: he's a scientist and in this day and age we still take scientists seriously.

Kinsey's "slander" constituted the production of some figures. Before

we look at them, let us admit that he may have exaggerated his claim. Maybe he was only surveying "the American female"; maybe when he said "human female" he was applying findings from American researches to women of other countries, which isn't fair, of course.

Even if he was only talking of American females, he produced some hard-core data. For instance, that women between forty and fifty have a particularly high rate of infidelity. For another instance, that there is more infidelity among married females than among single females. For yet another instance, that once a married female has broken the barriers of fidelity she tends to become more and more unfaithful.

Yes, Kinsey said that married women weren't scared to an occasional adventure, so long as it did not endanger their home and marriage. He said that once they had enjoyed the experience, they'd go back for more and more, each time circumstances gave them the opportunity. In effect, he said that once marriage had unveiled a woman's eyes to the facts of sex, she

would think more of her personal satisfaction than of marriage as a source of satisfaction.

Is that a slender an woman?
Or an man?

References to Kinsey are getting dring, but he is the only authority who has tried to analyze the situation scientifically. His findings are our only yardstick for many bits of facts. The picture he draws is that women go outside marriage for their sexual experiences because their husbands are inadequate.

As this writer has said, he strictly studied the "American" rather than the "Western" female, and what he has to say may apply more in America than in other countries.

But there is one reason for Americans taking his findings seriously. Recently a research chemist told this writer that a number of young men sought the artificial aids of chemistry.

It is necessary, for a start, to divide the hormone seekers into two groups—not age groups, but the people who need them, and the people who do not.

Undoubtedly, a lot of people go seeking stimulants who actually have no need of them.

In regard to variety, as in any other sphere of life and activity, men differ. There is nothing that could be called a "norm", and if it were possible to strike an average it wouldn't mean much, since an average sums up the position for a whole group, but is not necessarily true of any individual.

There is plenty of evidence that a lot of men expect too much of themselves as respect to their virility. And if Kinsey is to be believed, there is evidence that a lot of wives expect too much of their husbands.

After all, three weeks a day are

accepted as not only enough, but plenty. There are people who eat five, and people who don't eat any, and both of them usually finish up with health problems. The accepted healthy norm is three meals a day.

But, owing to the religious attitude adopted in this and other countries, there is no accepted norm in respect to variety. Now his medical services demand any way of setting out what is "natural", because of the different requirements of various physical constitutions.

The problem which faces any man of natural ability is to know the limits of his ability, and not exceed them, either by entertaining false ideas of himself, or trying to meet the false expectations of other people.

That class of individuals must be distinguished from the other people who actually do experience, early in life, a waning of their masculine powers.

It is a favourite pastime with some people to wonder at what age sexual ability commences to wane. In this field again, one can find an average, but not a norm. There are authenticated cases of people who, at the age of eighty and over, have become parents—almost exclusively the parent at this age is a man, for it is recognized that though women pass the age of fertility in late middle life, some men remain able to become fathers until they die at a very old age.

Why is it that some men can become parents at eighty when others experience a waning of their powers in the thirties?

Unless the waning power is due to actual physical ill-health, or to glandular deficiency, there is no reason for it, and no reason why it should not be adjusted. It is a fact that the majority of men who

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is generally more virile than the office worker.*

experience an early waning of virility could have prevented this situation arising, and could also do something to restore themselves to their natural vigour. Natural vigour is important—it does not mean greater vigour than they had in earlier life.

THESE are well-defined causes for the abnormal situation of early impotency and nearly all of them are linked in some way with abnormal living. The causes fall into two classes—physical and psychological.

Of course the effects are always physical—that is, they show themselves in the inability to complete a physical act. But the reasons can come from the mind rather than from the body.

Of physical causes, the most natural, and the first to be looked for, is actual physical ill-health, and for this reason the first step in dealing with loss of virility should be to consult a doctor who will be able

to take the case from there.

There are recorded cases of men who have temporarily lost their vigour because of some toxic or poisonous content of their blood-streams which has affected the organs of their bodies. There are recorded cases where diseased teeth have steadily poisoned the body so that it has lost its vigour in various respects, including its sexual potentiality.

Cases are on record where one of many physical upsets to the body have altered the secretion of the glands, thus lowering the hormone content of the body, and leading to a loss of sexual vigour.

Some diseases tend to lessen sexual powers—others tend to stimulate them. The late Alexander Woolcott had all the fruits of effeminacy, he was high-collared, quarrelsome, and podgy. The reason was that in his youth he contracted swamps, and the swamps were badly treated and led to arrested de-

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Le pourcentage de nos élèves, selon
le sexe

Figure 1

[illegible]

ICE - ICE - ICE - ICE

development of some of his glands. The result was that he did not develop his full masculine powers, and though he lived a full and busy life and made a big name for himself as a writer and broadcaster, his relations with women were permanently impaired by the disease of his youth.

On the other hand, sufferers from tuberculosis are said to experience an increase in sexual vigour, as though the body, knowing its days to be numbered, tries to assert itself by increasing its creative powers while it is still alive.

The ramifications of this aspect of viridity are tremendous, highly specialized, and far beyond lay discussion. They are the first to look far in trying to probe the problems of importance—and as they demand exact physical data and scientific tests, no guesswork is used except

Psychological causes of the loss of vitality are as specialized, and if the cause of any case is psychological, the medicine will put his finger on it very soon. Once examination and tests have shown that the body is in health, and there is no physical or disease cause of the condition, the medicine will turn to the mental aspect.

Some of these mental aspects, especially in younger people, may call for psychiatric treatment. Many such cases have been listed by authors who have researched the subject.

One case dealt with a man whose father had strictly enforced the idea that women were a menace. Undoubtedly the father's caution to the ten-year youth had been well intended. Undoubtedly the father believed that he was frightening his son out of all contact with promiscuous females.

But the son did not understand it that way. Of strict orthodoxy



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views, he had an over-romantic idea of his attitude to women, married a woman, and discovered that he was completely unfitted to be a lover. To the psychiatrist he confessed that he had regarded the sexual act with fear for many years. The psychiatrist told him immediately that this was the reason he was unable to satisfy his wife. His whole outlook towards marriage was that sex was an unfortunate necessity—but certainly should not offer happiness or fulfillment to either party.

The outlook was ingrained in the young man; but, psychiatrists' treatment was able to correct the attitude and turn him, over a period of time, into a successful and much happier husband.

Another recorded case fell into almost the same category, but the wrong idea was given to the man not by his father, but by a young woman of loose morals with whom he had an early association. She was so brutal and unimbalanced that she aroused in this inexperienced boy a feeling of revulsion. The feeling of revulsion turned him against his own mother, his sisters, and women in general so that, in later life, it was only with the greatest difficulty he was able to associate with women. He never dated because of the contact it gave him with women—and the only reason he sought medical aid was that he was so out of things that he went to a doctor complaining that "something must be wrong" with him, since he was not interested in women as other men were. His first tests were for physical deficiency; then he became recognized as a psychological case, and the true story came out. He was successfully treated.

Typical of the hidden causes from the past is the case which showed

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that a son had been turned off women by the attitude of his mother. His parents weren't happy together, quarrelled continually, and the quarrel was always made up when the father gave his wife money, or a present. The son jumped to the conclusion (and probably rightly) that his mother started quarrels so that she could receive father into giving. And his own attitude towards women became that he would never fall into that position.

He married—and after marriage discovered that he always spoke of his wife with suspicion. He discovered that he had married her mainly because he wanted a home and a wife as a social front; she was affectionate, he was cold and aloof as a result of his suspicion.

When the suspicions were removed the marriage was saved and he became a happy man.

But the trouble with these cases is that the cause of lack of virility is buried deep in the past—and if nothing is done about it, the whole of life is ruined for both parties. And even though the cause is not known, and even though wrong ideas are held by both husband and wife, both know that something is wrong, both feel unhappy about the position, and both become frustrated, irritable, bad-tempered, and quarrelsome. As is natural in the circumstances, each blames the other.

Like medical reasons, psychological reasons are latent, and like

medical reasons, psychological reasons have to be dealt with by experts. The result of following my advice, or these psychological situations, can be really disastrous. The annals of crime are full of frustrated passions which has led to all types of violent crime.

There is a more easily recognizable type of psychological cause for infertility, impotence, or loss of virility. It is in the case of the individual whose life has been badly lived.

YOUTHFUL delinquents provide many examples. The famous Father Flanagan, who started Boys' Town in the U.S.A., set out to follow a doctrine—"There is no such thing as a bad boy." But there are numerous boys who have had the opportunity for wrong doing, and many have taken it. In ordinary things like robbing an orchard or letting the air out of a tyre, the wrong-doing may be cleared as a "passion", and once or twice in the limit. It becomes something which, though wrong, is in the nature of a youthful job.

But there is a class of prank which has more damaging and lasting effects and into that class comes the "betting" of some young people. Everybody is prepared to smile indulgently towards the teen-agers who have arms in arms, or to trace a girl because a boy kissed her goodnight. But there are times when the boy and girl pre-occupy their kissing and physical contact through what has become

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the "petting stage". This may be nothing more, to outward appearance, than sitting on a park bench wrapped in each other's arms, kissing and using endearing terms. But it is the awakening in both of a sexual urge.

Usually the catalyst of awakening, the limitations on the time of young people, the fear of consequences, and a healthy interest in other sports and pastimes, keep petting in its place, as an occasional "thrill".

But there are times when the boy and girl indulge continually in this kind of thrill—and many a case is recorded where the first urge to go further has died away, so that when, finally, they seek to go further, they find that they are disappointed. Through a long period of petting they have anticipated that the final experience will be something different or greater than it is. Often they have been over-anxious about what is going to happen, with the result that the first experience has been spoiled. And then, disillusioned as to the experience of actual sex, they feel cheated because the promise of their petting days was not fulfilled.

This has been recognized universally among psychiatrists as a real and common cause of battered potency. Recorded cases show people of both sexes who have gone through life without knowing the full value of sexual experience, because they have blunted their sensibilities in their younger days, by over-indulgence in petting.

Very similar is the result on the mind of sex acts outside marriage. Psychologists do not base their advice about pre-marital abstinence on a code of morals or a fear of the civil law. They base their appeals for chastity on the grounds that pre-marital experience has everything against its being successful. Firstly, it is nervously and often unconsciously conducted, secondly it usually leads, in the period following, to a feeling of guilt, thirdly, there is the fear that it might have unwanted consequences.

Nobody has to be a specialist to answer the question, "How can you enjoy anything which is done nervously and unconsciously, which you feel guilty about and which leaves you with weeks of fear ahead?"

If they have been promiscuous in their pre-marital relationships, they are likely to live of the monotony of a single partner—in which case their virility will be threatened, so far as that partner is concerned, at any rate.

The last cause have come from the strictly psychiatric field into the area of sexual behaviour. And while love-play and petting behaviour can and does affect virility, there are not the only aspects of daily life which tend to undermine a man's sexual constitution.

There are others, many of which might be completely unexpected.

Perhaps the major one is overstrain or worry. Any man who feels that he is not as vigorous as he

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used to be, is entitled to ask himself whether his job is affecting his love life, and in nine cases out of ten he is entitled to answer yes.

The entire sexual mechanism is linked with the nervous system in a most intricate way. It is linked through nerves and brains and various senses. It operates like an electrical circuit.

The sight of a certain type of attraction may stimulate sexual desire in a man—the sight of a lovely woman, say. The optical nerves transfer the sight to the cerebral signal box in the brain, which relays the message to the sexual organs. The effect is on the sexual glands, on the blood pressure, and on other parts of the body. The whole body becomes predisposed for the love act.

But, if the nervous are jaded and tired, the signalling process is apt to become interfered with. Or if the brain is busy, the signal is apt to get held up at the signal box. Or if the glands of the body have been working hard, supplying energy for other things, the brain may signal that the body lacks the energy to follow through with the life.

There is a physical basis for the kind of impotence—the direct outcome of over-tiring the body in other ways. A man who has tired himself playing football cannot turn around fresh for a set of tennis, and expect to be fresh for it because it is a different sport. His body has used up its energy quota, and no amount of difference in his

pastimes can make his body fresh until it is rested.

In just the same way, the man who has tired himself out doing his daily job, cannot swing around and find himself fresh and vigorous for love. It is perhaps better recognized that a man who has exhausted himself in love cannot turn fresh for a different kind of job.

The important point is that constant strain and worry, are a major cause of early impotence.

At least, in view of what has been said about the linkages of the body's various organs to prepare for sexual activity, it should be appreciated that the mind must be free.

A man told the present writer that at one period, when he was worried with a serious financial problem, he lost all interest in the opposite sex. When the problem was solved, his interest returned.

There is a parallel recorded case of a woman who insisted she was suffering from a disease. Constantly she found herself too tired for sexual activity. When she was assured that she had no such disease, her interest in her love life revived.

The mind is very versatile, but it can be easily dominated by one powerful thought. A fear, an anxiety, a worry, can take over and pretty well control the mind.

And at times of fear, anxiety or worry, the mind finds itself too busy to do justice to the demands of sexual activity.

The man who is incompetent in

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his job and frightened at losing it—the man who is a bad financial manager and is worried about money—the man who takes the office home with him and broods over his problems at the evening—the man who is bored, dissatisfied with his progress, or unhappy about his condition—all these men experience a lessening of their physical desire.

One social worker discovered that of a group studied, many children were abandoned while their parents were on vacation. The reason was fairly obvious—being temporarily free from the worries of child and home, the parents were at this time more readily aware

Such is the stultifying effect of worries and overwork, on the vigour and virility of mankind.

There is a good case for another increase in daily importance coming from alcohol.

The practice of drinking alcohol over a period definitely lowers the vitality. It is well known that alcohol creates a desire for more alcohol—and that sufficient alcohol leads to intoxication, which is a form of physical instability. Alcohol is often the cause of the sexually diseased, because it stimulates the senses. But it is not a builder of vitality—it is a destroyer of vitality. One speaks of course, not of a few social drinks, but of the cumulative effect of alcohol over a period of time.

General physical exertion, like strenuous sport or vigorous daily living, may temporarily make a man too tired to be virile; but it is generally an aid to virility because it keeps the body toned up and strong. And the general rule is that anybody who lives healthily, and engages in practice which leads to benefit or upholds the general level of health, is apt to possess

vitalis and vigorous Anything which tends to debilitate the nerves or body tends to destroy vitality.

This is why the outdoor worker, the athlete, the active man, is generally more virile than the office worker, the student, or the physically inactive.

There is a natural level of vitality for every body. It is keyed to the normal health of the body. Such may be as contentment, a common cold, under-feeding, worry, fatigue, are all evidence of vitality. So is luxurious living, gambling, excessive alcohol, and even excessive smoking.

It is, of course, true that varying in a matter of degree. It cannot be turned on and off like a tap. The man who looks after his food, who approaches a woman when he is not over-tired, who is moved by genuine emotion, at the same time who the woman demands it from the man who survives a few moments from an over-crowded day and expects in these few moments, harnessed and tired, to prove himself a Natural Free Jazz.

And on the other hand, a healthy, natural vivacity expresses itself in every aspect of life. The sexually adjusted man is of good humour, even jocular; he is hard to rattle; he is relaxed and he is warm; he recovers quickly from a down-heart mood; his happiness in his sexual life is reflected in his entire behaviour.

This is not surprising, because sexual adjustment regulates the flow of hormones in the body. Active masculinity is not simply a temporary sexual manifestation—it is a whole happy life, with a balanced outlook and an aggressive approach to problems; confidence, going, will-power, cheerfulness, are all linked with it, because of the chemical action of hormone—secret-

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UICK UIPS

According to those who trace the origin of thought, kissing began in the savanna days. A preman found that salt helped to cool him on a hot day and he made the discovery that he could get salt by licking his neighbour's cheek. Then he discovered that it could be much more interesting if the neighbour was a member of the opposite sex. Then everybody forgot about salt.

Ever since then kissing has got people into trouble. From the time a boy gets into his middle teens he starts to think about kissing; then, as he gets older he knows more girls. Some remain sensible by staying bachelors. They have the philosophy, "Why buy a book when you can get a library?" A bachelor is a man who gets all the kissing without the billing.

But very few men go through life without being caught. Then they get the billing as well as the cooing; and, as time wears on, they get the billing without the cooing.

Of course, in the early stages of married life, it is wonderful, but usually a man has to sell something in order to keep his wife satisfied. Like one notice in the newspaper the other day. The ad read: "For sale, twin beds; one hardly used."

Then the children begin to arrive and the man works at home as well as at the office. As the kids grow, so a man has to buy more clothes for them. The kids' questions start from the time they learn to talk—and you know they are growing up when they start asking questions that have answers.

Kids can be very embarrassing at times. One day we had visitors and the kid was told to be on his best behaviour. He was, too. But he made a faux pas at the dinner table. He spat out a mouthful of hot food, then looked at us all in turn. Calmly he observed, "I know some kids who would have swallowed that."

The neighbour's small boy was standing near a broken shop window and a policeman came up. Suddenly he asked the kid how he had broken the window, and you know what the kid told him? He said, "I was cleaning my outpail and it went off!"

The kids finally reach their teens and the whole vicious cycle follows—kissing, courting, marriage, kids . . . The strangest part about it is that the family never thinks that the daughter married is well as the should. And the neighbours always marvel that she married as well as she did. Oh, well, that's life.

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